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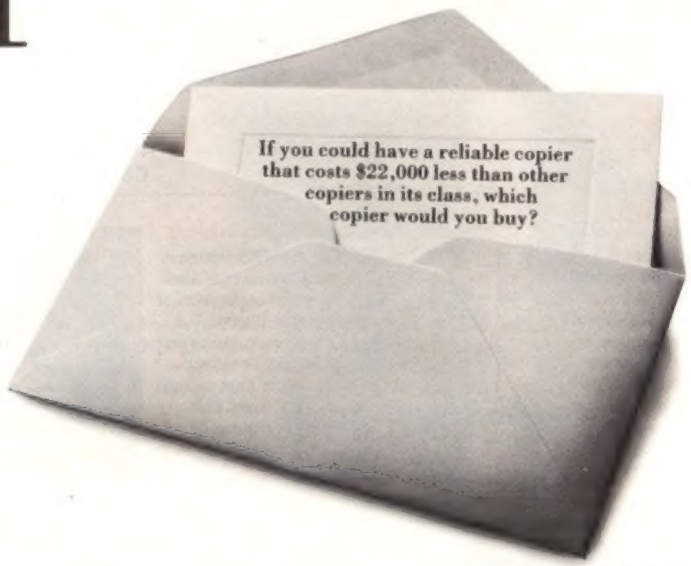

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JUNE 27, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 26

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

As the tension and concern surrounding the pilgrimage of Pope John Paul II to his native Poland built before his arrival in Warsaw last week, TIME correspondents were reporting on the activities of both the visitor and the visited. In Rome, Bonn Bureau Chief Roland Flamini, who as a Rome correspondent covered John Paul's 1978 election, followed the Pontiff's preflight preparations, then accompanied him on the trip to Poland. Paris Correspondent Thomas A. Sancton, a former associate editor who wrote many of TIME's stories about Solidarity, including the 1981 Man of the Year cover on Lech Walesa, was in Poland, an eyewitness to the spontaneous demonstrations along the Pope's route. Says Sancton: "It is impossible to be indifferent to those sentiments of religiosity and nationalism that have been behind the events of the past three years and that are underscored by John Paul's presence here."

As TIME's Eastern Europe bureau chief since May, John Moody too has been observing the buildup for the Pope's visit. He talked with clergymen, officials and ordinary Polish citizens about what the Pope's homecoming might accomplish: "When the experts talk," Moody says, "they use words like spiritual renewal and moral uplift as though they were code words for political pluralism and a return to free trade unionism. But when the Poles talk, it becomes obvious that those intangible qualities—renewal of spirit and outlook—are precisely the things Poles lack most dramatically and desire most acutely."

CHUCK FISHMAN

Flamini, Moody and Sancton meet in Warsaw

In Warsaw, Moody has also noted the rigors of life in a socialist-bloc country. Says he: "We Western correspondents don't face hardships anything like those borne daily by Poles, but we do have some inconveniences. The hot water in my neighborhood hasn't been on for three weeks. When I mentioned this to the building superintendent, he saw the silver lining: 'The cold water works, no?' "

Moody joined TIME last year after three years as a bureau manager for United Press International in Moscow and Paris. Says he: "Comparisons in Poland between Moscow and Warsaw are extremely unpopular. Attempts to speak Russian to Poles are rudely rebuffed. And it is hazardous to remind them of Soviet influence. 'We are Poles,' they say. No matter whether it is a former Solidarity member or an official of the martial law regime, they mean just that, and are extremely proud of it."

John A. Meyers

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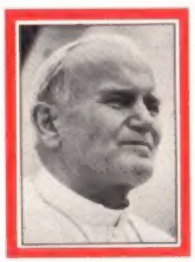

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Cover: Returning to his homeland for the first time in four years, the Polish Pope asks the government to honor the accords that gave rise to Solidarity. Jaruzelski reluctantly allows Walesa to meet John Paul. *See* WORLD.

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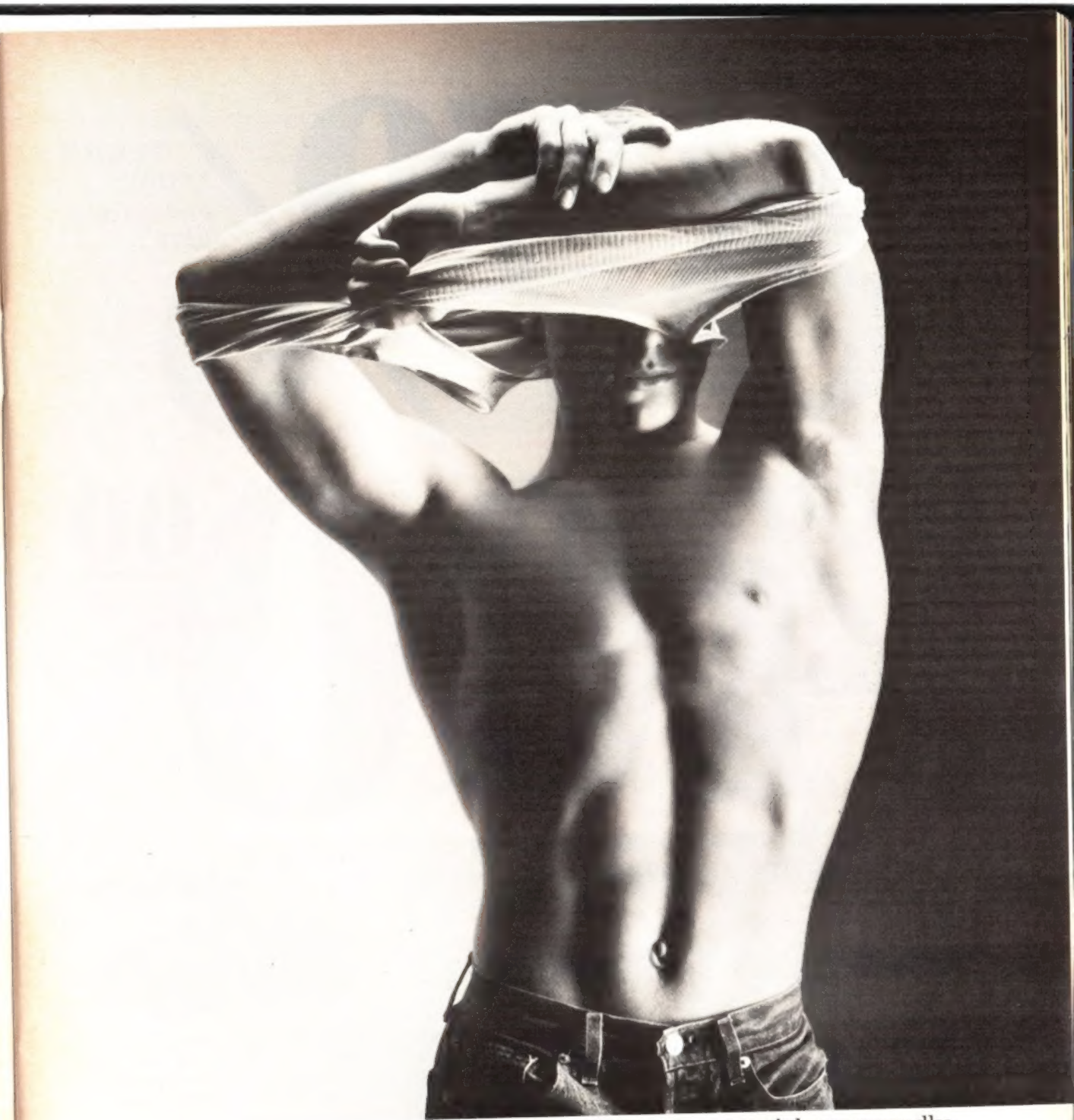

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Letters

Stress!

To the Editors:

Your cover story [June 6] is excellent but hard for me to relate to. I am an unemployed college teacher and have been such for the past eight months. The first example in your article is that of a managerial-class businessman who is working and has job-related difficulties. That man doesn't know how lucky he is. You seem to concentrate on those who are able to afford anxiety. What about the rest of us? For those of us who are poor and out of work, corporate stress is a luxury.

Alan Sondheim
Kingston, Pa.

I took your test "How Vulnerable Are You to Stress?" All I could come up with was a score of 5, meaning almost not at all. I did not realize how nearly perfect my life really is.

Florence F. Wiggans
La Jolla, Calif.

The assumption underlying your story is that stress is a given for our culture. That is not true. We have chosen to have a society with fierce competition, jammed freeways and "social mobility." I am a therapist and frequently feel disheartened

while teaching relaxation exercises to people who work at intolerable jobs or lead lonely lives. Stress control is just another way to help us tolerate the loss of human and spiritual values.

Marilyn Sewell
Lexington, Ky.

Before going to bed, I read your article on stress, then I lay awake worrying about it. I see what you mean.

Rod Chandler, U.S. Representative
Eighth District, Washington
Washington, D.C.

Turmoil in Central America

The current U.S. policy toward our southern neighbors is not new [June 6]; we have used it before. For the sake of American business interests and the political stability needed to ensure their profits, we have denied support to legitimately elected governments and popular revolutions, causing them to turn elsewhere for help. Then we shake an accusing finger in their faces as we staunchly affirm our resistance to Communist incursions.

Francis Marks
Denver

The domino theory, often discussed during the Viet Nam War, is even more of a reality today. The Third World and underdeveloped countries are the immediate prey of the Soviet Union. The security of the free world is being threatened to a frightening degree. Both covert and overt aid should be given by the free governments to all nations that find themselves the targets of Soviet meddling in their affairs.

Christopher Faby
Jessup, Md.

In your article on the death of U.S. Adviser Albert Schaufelberger III in San Salvador, you say that U.S. officials call

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Flip the page.

Letters

servicemen in El Salvador trainers because the word advisers evokes memories of Viet Nam. Actions speak louder than words, however. U.S. officials will have to do more than change the terminology to hide the similarities.

Pamela E. Nuesseler
San Diego

President Reagan said, "I do not believe that a majority of Congress or the country is prepared to stand by passively while the people of Central America are delivered to totalitarianism." Why not? He seems to have been willing to accept arrests of political dissidents and the lack of free elections in countries like Chile and Argentina.

John F. Grabowska
Granada, Spain

Bankers' Blitz on Withholding Tax

Your story "Voting the Bankers' Way" [May 30] should have been titled "Voting Against the Overburdened Taxpayer." The "estimated $13.4 billion in new revenue" that would be gained by having the banks withhold taxes on income and dividends speaks for itself. Any "new revenue" for Washington is a new tax by definition. The banking industry has reported interest and dividend payments to the IRS on Form 1099 for years. If there is a great deal of "tax chiseling," the problem is one of enforcing the tax laws already on the books.

Frederick C. Ballard, President
Pioneer Bank
North Branch, Mich.

Poor Prospects for Graduates

Members of the class of 1983 should not believe their college degrees are wasted [June 6]. After I graduated in 1980, I accepted employment with a "low-paying, low-prestige" establishment. Fortunately, my employer encouraged me to perform a variety of tasks, including computer operations, writing, accounting and negotiating. Where had I learned these skills? From my college professors, of course. I may not yet be chairman of the board, but I am putting my education to daily use.

Stephanie A. McEwan
Orange, Calif.

The whole college experience has become an obsessive rat race geared to finding professional-level employment after graduation. The pressure is enormous to get into a top school with a significant national or regional reputation, to choose the most marketable major (knowing that today's popular field may be dead in the water within a year or two), to get top grades, to make as many "real world" career contacts as possible while honing one's job-hunting skills to a fine edge. Ironically, many who think they are lucky to find work will wind up learning that a job alone will not bring them happiness. How many of these new graduates will awake one day wondering, "Where am I, and how did I get here?"

Roger Schwartz
Minneapolis

The Relativity of Evil

Author Paul Johnson in his book *Modern Times* [June 6] may be correct in blaming the decline of moral standards for the atrocities of the 20th century, but those committed in the name of religion and morality should also be remembered—for example, the Crusades. It is not secularization or moral relativism that has created the horrors of our age, but rather mankind's consistent willingness to sacrifice a fellow being for the sake of some ideal, be it secular or religious.

Brad Asher
Golden, Colo.

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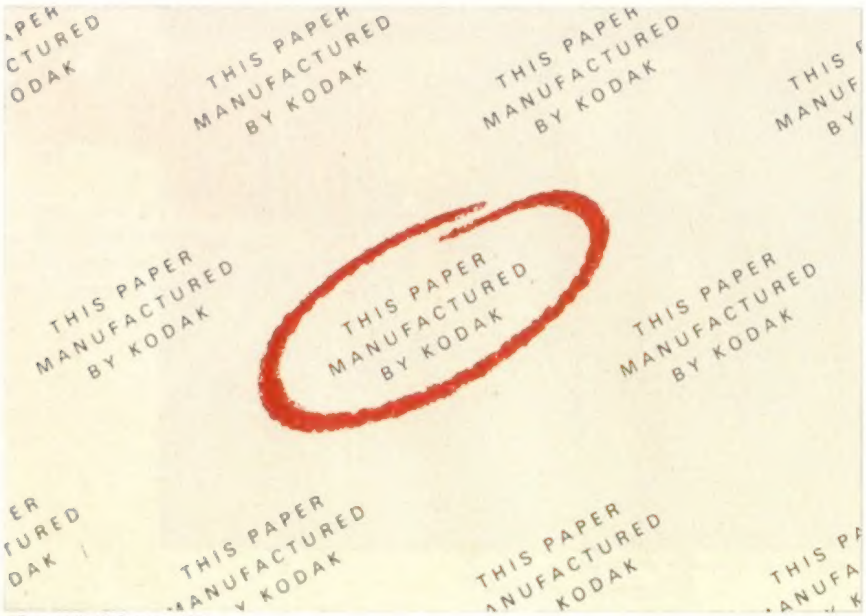

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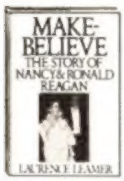

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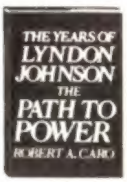

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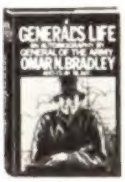

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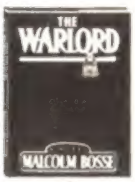

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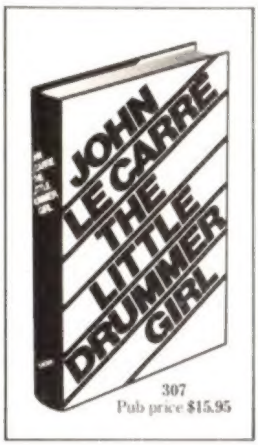

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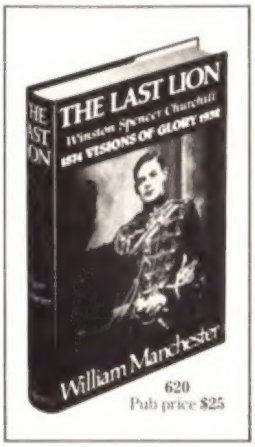

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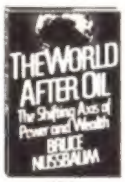

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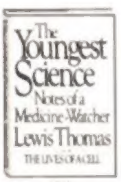

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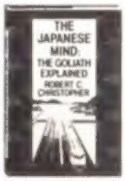

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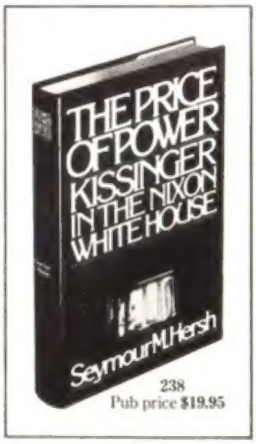

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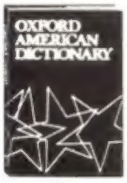

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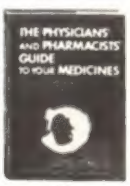

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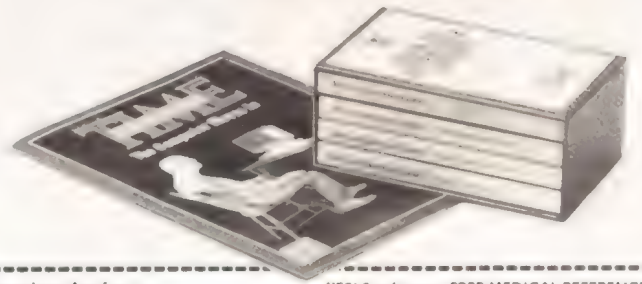

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TIME/JUNE 27, 1983

Toward A New Frontier

A glorious start for the first U.S. spacewoman

Ride, Sally Ride
Ride that big bird in the sky
Ride, Sally Ride
It's your turn to fly among the stars
—From a rock single by Casse Culver

Up and down the beachfront motel strip adjoining Florida's Kennedy Space Center last week, space buffs gathered in force. SORRY, NO VACANCY signs hung as far as 50 miles away. Some 1,600 correspondents packed the press grandstand. On the beaches around Cape Canaveral, half a million people watched. Not since the first flight of *Columbia* two years ago had so many enthusiasts assembled for a shuttle lift-off.

The object of this interest was not so much the flaming bird itself but rather one of *Challenger's* crew, Sally Kristen Ride. As *Challenger* headed off on the seventh shuttle mission, a bare 59 milliseconds late, the jubilation was as much for Ride as for the machine. By finally launching what Air Force Lieut. General James Abrahamson, chief of the shuttle program, called with old-fashioned chivalry "the first U.S. lady astronaut in space," NASA gave the shuttle program as much of a popular boost as it could have got from the most powerful new rocket.*

Ride, 32, a physicist by training from Encino, Calif., seemed almost born to the Brotherhood of the Right Stuff. She said little as the shuttle smoothly climbed skyward, except to take issue kiddingly with Bob Crippen, 45, *Challenger's* veteran commander, who was making his second shuttle flight. Said she: "He keeps saying there's nothing exciting happening. I'm not sure I'd go along with that."

For all the hoopla over Sally's ride, the flight also includes a number of other important firsts. *Challenger* is carrying five crew members, one more than any previous flight. One of them is a medical doctor, Norman Thagard, 39, the first member of that fraternity in the shuttle. His special task is to look into "space adaptation syndrome," the queasiness that afflicts so many astronauts during the first hours of weightlessness. True to her cool image, Ride showed no signs of discomfort.

On Friday morning, after six days in space and 95½ orbits of the earth, if the schedule holds and winds and weather are fair, *Challenger* will end its flight. Crippen and his co-pilot, Rick Hauck, 42, will glide the 100-ton craft to the first shuttle landing on the new three-mile-long runway at the Kennedy Space Center, with President Reagan looking on. Thus *Challenger*, which was prepared for flight in a record 63 days, will avoid the long and expensive cross-country piggyback haul that followed previous touchdowns on the Western deserts. The price for the convenience is far less room for error on landing.

By any measure, STS-7 (for Space Transportation System), as the flight is called in NASA's abbreviation-prone parlance, is the most ambitious mission to date. Sally and her companions are so heavily "tasked" (more NASAese) that even the energetic Crippen initially had reservations about the workload for his crew. Still, as the mission got under way, the script seemed under perfect control.

Nine and a half hours after launch, *Challenger* sent off the first of two communications satellites. At $11 million a shot, this is clearly the moneymaking part of the flight. The electronic parcel was the second in the series that Canada has labeled Anik C (from the Inuit word for brother). Among other things, it will provide direct satellite-to-home television transmissions. Sent spinning out of the shuttle's big cargo bay, the satellite automatically fired its booster 45 minutes later and began the long 140-hour climb to a permanent "geostationary" parking place 22,300 miles above the equator. Next day, the *Challenger* crew was scheduled to repeat the performance with a satellite called Palapa B (or Fruit of Effort in Indonesian) that will serve as a communications link for Indonesia's islands.

Ride and crewmates about to board their bird

Ride's own chief mission will come Wednesday, on the fifth day up. She and John Fabian, 44, an Air Force colonel, will use *Challenger's* 50-ft.-long "cherry picker," a remote-controlled mechanical arm, to pluck a German-built experimental package called the Shuttle Pallet Satellite (SPAS) out of the cargo bay and let it orbit freely in space. The SPAS is a self-contained laboratory housing eight separate experiments. These involve such potentially important commercial processes as growing crystals for electronic components and forming superfine alloys in the favorable zero-g environment.

If the satellite's television camera works, it will provide the first images from afar of the orbiting shuttle. After some seven hours of traveling alone, the satellite will be grappled on board by Ride. The demonstration is designed to reassure NASA that satellites can be retrieved for repair or servicing, thereby vastly extending their useful lifetimes.

Other experiments on STS-7 demand no more than a throw of a switch. Six are

*And also caught up with the Soviets, who launched their first of two female cosmonauts 20 years ago

contained in a joint U.S.–West German package called OSTA-2 (after NASA's old Office of Space and Terrestrial Applications), which will test such technologies as glass forming, alloy making and crystal growing in weightlessness. Two other experiments are repeat efforts aimed at producing superpure pharmaceuticals and precisely shaped latex particles for use in medical tasks like blood-flow measurement.

Some of the most imaginative experiments bear a youthful stamp. Caltech students are growing radishes. West German students sent along five tests, ranging from studies of plant behavior to the activities of chemical catalysts. And from inner-city high school students in Camden, N.J., there is a colony of carpenter ants, presumably tightly sealed, whose weightless antics will be carefully filmed.

For all the inventiveness and excitement, the shuttle is flying under a cloud. Only recently, a congressionally commissioned study by the National Research Council questioned whether NASA would be able to reach the projected number of launches, 24 a year by 1988, that would provide enough business for economic viability. In addition, a competitor from Europe is emerging. Two days before *Challenger's* lift-off last week, the sixth Ariane booster, the proud creation of the eleven-member European Space Agency, took off from its equatorial launch site in French Guiana with two communications satellites, one British, one West German. The Europeans think that their three-stage, unmanned booster is now ready to grab off as many as a quarter of all communications satellite launches.

In his new book *Beachheads in Space* (Macmillan; $14.95), veteran Spacewatcher Jerry Grey notes that the shuttle is "only a means to an end: a space 'truck' whose main job is to carry payloads into space." What those payloads will be remains a question. NASA wants to use its gifted rocketship-plane to build a permanent space station, where men and women would live and work for weeks and perhaps months. Eventually, these orbital platforms could be used for launches to the moon and beyond.

But such activities require a commitment in brains and dollars that neither the Reagan Administration nor Congress has yet made. Meanwhile, the Soviets, by launching increasingly larger and more complex space stations, are clearly pressing ahead with their vision of what Princeton Physicist Gerard O'Neill poetically calls the high frontier.

It is nice, and high time, to have an American woman out there among the pioneers. As Shuttle Chief Abrahamson put it: "We can't afford to waste the talent of half the people in our society." And by attracting renewed attention to the space program, Ride helps urge all Americans to consider what the nation's role in space should be in the exhilarating years ahead. —***By Frederic Golden. Reported by Sam Allis/Houston and Jerry Hannifin/Cape Canaveral***

An Akron clinic counselor describing an abortion, as required by a law struck down by the court

Holding Firm on Abortion

The Supreme Court solidly supports a woman's right to choose

These cases come to us a decade after we held in Roe *vs.* Wade *that the right of privacy, grounded in the concept of personal liberty guaranteed by the Constitution, encompasses a woman's right to decide whether to terminate her pregnancy. Legislative responses to the court's decision have required us on several occasions, and again today, to define the limits of a state's authority to regulate the performance of abortions. And arguments continue to be made, in these cases as well, that we erred in interpreting the Constitution.*

At the beginning of his most important majority opinion, Justice Lewis Powell noted the charged political atmosphere surrounding the question the Supreme Court was addressing. Ever since the court declared that women have a constitutional right to an abortion, no other social issue has so sparked public passions, pervaded state and national campaigns, and dominated the deliberations of Congress and legislatures. Laws designed to chip away at that right have been passed in at least 22 states, and antiabortion advocates have harbored hope that the high court might some day reverse itself. But in a decisive set of opinions handed down last week, filled with forceful phrases that seemed addressed to the controversy in the country as well as in the courts, a clear majority of the Justices roundly reaffirmed the landmark 1973 decision as the law of the land.

The practical effect of the current decisions will be to strike down almost all the various constraints that states have placed on abortion rights. These include: rigid rules that minors obtain the consent of their parents, requirements that abortions after the first three months of pregnancy be performed in full-service hospitals, mandatory waiting periods after a woman has requested an abortion, and required counseling designed to discourage abortions. The court let stand a requirement that pathology reports be made following abortions and that two physicians be present at abortions conducted after the sixth month of a pregnancy. Both are relatively minor restrictions: pathology reports cost about $20 apiece, and less than 4% of the nation's 1.5 million abortions each year are performed after the sixth month.

"This is a great victory, a major victory," declared Jane Gruenebaum of the National Abortion Federation. Much to the relief of the "pro-choice" forces, the decision shifts the battleground over abortion away from various state legislatures where "pro-life" activists had carried their crusade. Planned Parenthood's president Faye Wattleton declared, "The decisions effectively remove the threat that has hung over the continuation of abortion services."

For the right-to-life movement, the rulings were a dispiriting defeat. "Now the court is virtually promoting abortion," said Paige Cunningham of the Americans United for Life Legal Defense Fund. President Reagan, whose Administration had argued before the Supreme Court on behalf of the abortion restrictions, expressed his "profound disappointment." The President supports a pro-life bill sponsored by North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms and a constitutional amendment to ban abortion sponsored by Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah and Democrat Thomas Eagleton of Missouri. Both measures are expected to be debated by the Senate this month.

The most important of last week's rulings involved an ordinance passed by the city council of Akron, Ohio, which has served as a national model for antiabortion legislation. Its requirement that abortions after the first three months, or trimester, of a pregnancy be performed in a hospital seemed to conform to the *Roe* vs. *Wade* ruling that the state can make regulations that are "reasonably related" to the health of the woman after the first trimester. But the court, citing advances in medical technology, ruled that the abortion method known as dilatation and evacuation "may be performed safely on an outpatient basis in appropriate nonhospital facilities" during the early part of the second trimester. Thus there is no longer any constitutional reason to require that this procedure be performed in hospitals rather than in the nation's approximately 400 abortion clinics.

The Akron law, like those in 15 states, also established detailed requirements for informing a woman of the physical development of the fetus and the potential medical and emotional factors that might affect her if she has an abortion. The court ruled that requiring this type of "informed consent" is unconstitutional. "Much of the information required is designed not to inform the woman's consent but rather to persuade her to withhold it altogether."

In deciding whether minors must have the permission of a parent before getting an abortion, the court trod a fine line, rejecting the standard used in the Akron ordinance but letting a Missouri statute stand. The distinction the court made is that parental-consent laws must be flexible enough to allow a minor to show a court that she is mature enough to make the decision on her own or that the abortion is in her best interests. Antiabortion forces are sure to press for legislation that meets this definition. Nine states currently have some form of parental-consent rule, and eleven others require parental notification. The impact can be dramatic. In Minnesota, according to Planned Parenthood, abortions for minors dropped by one-third after girls were compelled to notify either their parents or a judge.

Justice Powell, the courtly and traditional Virginian who wrote the majority opinions, emphasized that each of the rulings was solidly based on the foundation set down ten years ago. "The court repeatedly and consistently has accepted and applied the basic principle that a woman has the fundamental right to make the highly personal choice whether or not to terminate her pregnancy," he wrote. Only when the fetus could be viable outside the womb, generally not until the third trimester, can the state seek to protect the life of the unborn child.

The two Justices who originally opposed *Roe* vs. *Wade*, Byron White and William Rehnquist, were joined last week by Sandra Day O'Connor, who authored the strongly worded dissent *(see box)*. O'Connor argued that the state's interest in protecting potential human life exists

in all stages of the pregnancy. She wrote: "In *Roe*, the court held that although the state had an important and legitimate interest in protecting potential life, that interest could not become compelling until the point at which the fetus was viable. The difficulty with this analysis is clear: *potential* life is no less potential in the first weeks of a pregnancy than it is at viability or afterward." (In a footnote, Powell rebukes this reasoning as a disguised attempt to overturn the 1973 decision. "The dissent stops short of arguing flatly that *Roe* should be overruled," he wrote. "Rather, it adopts reasoning that, for all practical purposes, would accomplish precisely that result.")

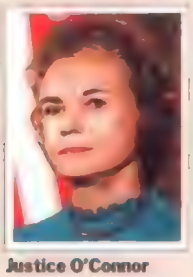
"I believe the court rulings were so sweeping that there will be little that can be done at the state level," said Planned Parenthood's Wattleton. But last week's decisions are unlikely to cool the abortion battle. "Every time a decision comes down, we pick up more activists," says David O'Steen of the Minnesota Citizens Concerned for Life. Pro-lifers hope that the composition of the high court could change in their favor if Reagan seeks and wins a second term; five of the pro-choice majority are over 73 years old. More immediately, the movement plans to redouble its efforts for a human-life amendment. "The rulings should stimulate the efforts of those of us advocating a constitutional amendment," says the Rev. Jerry Falwell, leader of the Moral Majority. In St. Louis this week, the bells of Roman Catholic, Baptist, and Missouri Synod Lutheran churches will peal at 5 p.m. each day to show support for the measure.

Although supporters say the court decision could produce a backlash that will rally support for the constitutional amendment proposed by Hatch, most Senators feel that it will only reinforce existing opinions. The proposal may not make it out of committee in the Democratic-controlled House, and if it does, it is unlikely to win the two-thirds support needed for passage there. Helms is once again pushing for his own peculiar remedy, a bill that would strip the courts of power to rule on the abortion issue. But it will probably be filibustered in the Senate, spurned in the House and, in the improbable event that it passes, be struck down by the courts.

Planned Parenthood's Faye Wattleton: "The decisions effectively remove the threat"

The high court's rulings are thus unlikely to settle the country's most controversial social question, just as their precedent in 1973 inflamed rather than damped down the political struggle over abortion. But these new decisions will at least restrain most legislative attempts to nibble away at what the Supreme Court has already declared to be a constitutional right. Says Yale Law Professor Abraham Goldstein: "The court is sending a signal to the states and localities to stop tampering." ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Anne Constable and David S. Jackson/ Washington***

Going Against the Grain



Justice O'Connor

When President Reagan nominated Sandra Day O'Connor to be the first woman on the U.S. Supreme Court, the protests from his New Right constituency were blistering. The furor focused on several votes O'Connor had cast as an Arizona state senator that were interpreted as being pro-abortion. Therefore, it came as something of a surprise last week when, in the first test of her views on the issue since she joined the brethren 21 months ago, O'Connor wrote a blunt dissent to the court's opinion that reaffirmed the right to abortion.

While the antiabortion forces were distressed by the court's decision, they were delighted with O'Connor. "A young Justice so vigorously dissenting, and a woman at that, is a harbinger that this is not a dead issue," said Dr. John Willke, president of the National Right to Life Committee. Feminists, who had welcomed O'Connor's appointment, were disappointed. "Having a woman on the court gave us the possibility of a representative female perspective," said NOW President Judy Goldsmith. "It did not guarantee it."

In fact, O'Connor's dissent may reflect a sturdy commitment to states' rights, rather than any personal feelings about abortion. She cited earlier court decisions: " 'Scrupulous regard for the rightful independence of state governments' counsels against 'unnecessary interference by the federal courts.' " Professor Louis Michael Seidman of Washington's Georgetown University Law Center disagrees with Justice Lewis Powell that O'Connor's dissent is a veiled bid to overturn *Roe* vs. *Wade*. "I don't think it undermines *Roe*," Seidman says. "But we don't know what she'd do if the basic right to abortion were under challenge. She has left herself flexible to move in either direction."

Although many observers assumed that O'Connor would advocate abortion rights, partly because she was the first female Justice and partly because of her Arizona votes, there was always an ambiguity in her feelings. She explained her votes in the state senate as being determined by strict adherence to legislative procedure rather than by proabortion sympathies. For instance, in 1974 she opposed a University of Arizona stadium bond issue after a rider was attached banning state funding for abortions at the university hospital. Her objection was not to the ban, she later explained, but to the use of an irrelevant rider, which she considered unconstitutional. Before her nomination, she told Reagan she found abortion "personally repugnant" and considered it a "subject for state regulation."

O'Connor's dissent was closely reasoned and forcefully written. To some legal experts, that was more important than her conclusions. In a touchy and highly visible case, O'Connor showed she was not a token woman but a Justice of conviction.

Chairman Volcker Keeps His Job

"I couldn't be more pleased," says Reagan of the Fed boss

His voice twinkling, Ronald Reagan interrupted his regular Saturday radio address with what he called a "news flash." Said the President: "Some years ago, a favorite movie theme was the crusading reporter—hat on the back of his head, clutching the phone—[who] would yell, 'Give me the city desk, I've got a story that'll crack this town wide open!' I've read that line a few times myself. Well, I'm not wearing a hat or clutching a phone. But I'd like to make an important announcement. I have, today, asked [Federal Reserve Board] Chairman Paul Volcker to accept reappointment for another term. He's agreed to do so. And I couldn't be more pleased."

With this showman's touch, Reagan told Wall Street what it longed to hear, ending months of debate and speculation about what some consider the second most powerful job in Government. Said Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, until recently a Volcker critic: "He's the right man at the right time. In times like this you don't rock the boat."

Tradition dictates that a Government announcement of deep concern to Wall Street be delayed until the markets have closed, so that stock and bond traders will not stampede. But Reagan's timing may also have been determined by his desire to keep the news from leaking. After making his decision Friday afternoon, he told only a few top advisers. He telephoned Volcker from Camp David Saturday morning, an hour before the radio show, reaching him at his Manhattan apartment, where he spends weekends.

While Volcker was surprised at the timing, he was expecting the nod, and so was Wall Street. The stock market, which not long ago dropped sharply when it seemed that Volcker might be replaced, resumed its happy rise last week. Spurred in part by the growing conviction that the Fed Chairman's job was safe, the Dow Jones industrial average rose 46 points, its second largest weekly gain this year, and reached a record high of 1242.19. Said New York Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn: "Volcker's monetary policy has been criticized by almost everybody and is therefore probably right." Reaction on Capitol Hill and in international banking circles was also very favorable. Only a few demurred. Complained Conservative Monetarist Milton Friedman: "President Reagan has decided to take the course of least political resistance."

Only a couple of months ago, he had a lot of company in his opposition to the Princeton-educated, cigar-chomping, 6-ft. 7½-in. Volcker. In his fierce determination to conquer inflation, Volcker restricted the growth of the U.S. money supply so sharply that interest rates rose above 20%. The policy worked, but many thought it contributed mightily to the most punishing recession since World War II. The depth and duration of the slump put a severe strain on Volcker's relations with the Reagan Administration, cool to begin with. The Chairman, a nominal Democrat and a 1979 Jimmy Carter appointee, made no secret of his dismay at Reagan's $200 billion deficits. Administration officials, led by Treasury Chief Regan, reciprocated by accusing Volcker of presiding over erratic swings in the money supply that alternately threatened to worsen the recession or rekindle inflation.

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The Chairman of the Board, with his trademark cigar, on the Hill

"He's the right man. In times like this you don't rock the boat."

In the financial community, however, Volcker became a hero. Bankers and brokers applauded him for sticking with his tight-money policy until the recession had tamed inflation, slashing the annual rate of price increases from 13% at the beginning of his term to less than 4% now. Then, in the nick of time last summer, Volcker loosened up enough to set the stage for a recovery that now looks more vigorous every week.

Volcker's first term was due to expire Aug. 5, and once Administration officials began to think in earnest about a replacement, they concluded that anyone else would take too long to match Volcker's towering prestige. The only other name seriously considered was that of Economist Alan Greenspan, who professed himself an admirer of Volcker and vowed to continue the Fed Chairman's policies. One after another, Volcker's former critics began urging his reappointment. The last holdout, Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, finally came around last week. By then, the only question left was why Reagan was taking so long to announce what had become a foregone conclusion.

One factor was a lingering resentment over Volcker's disagreements with supply-side economics. Only last week a couple of the President's California "kitchen cabinet" friends warned Reagan that he could not trust Volcker in an election year. Says one Administration official: "The White House was petrified by fear that Volcker would do the same thing to Reagan in 1984 that he did to Carter in 1980: push interest rates up at a critical time. Now it is convinced that it won't happen." In addition, Reagan was reluctant to look as if he had been rushed into making a decision by his aides. Says one: "The President kept his own counsel these last ten days. He had to work it out to his own satisfaction."

Volcker aided his own cause by waging a quiet but deft backstage campaign for reappointment to a position that pays $69,800 a year. For one thing, he told presidential aides that he believed the Federal Reserve Chairman's term, normally four years, should end at the same time as the President's. He said that the newly elected President should not concern himself with the Fed in the busy early days of his term but should address it roughly six months afterward. Reagan was pleased with what he considered this "gentleman's agreement" that Volcker will resign in mid-1985 and let him pick his own money maven—though no formal deal as such was struck, and none could be enforced even if it had.

More important, perhaps, Volcker made it clear in private talks with Administration officials during the past six

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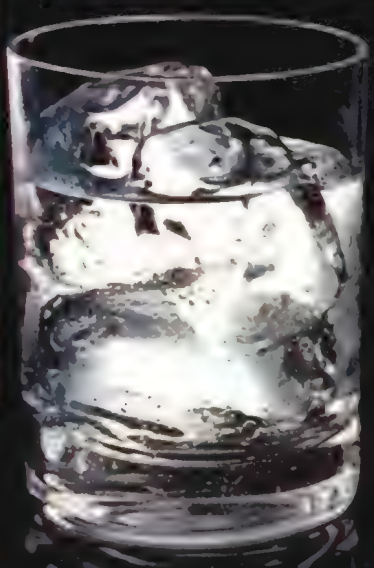

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eks that over the next 18 months he
s no reason to crack down hard on the
ney supply again. In his opinion, infla-
nary pressures have subsided enough to
the Fed safely make enough money
ilable to meet the borrowing needs of
h business and Government, even giv-
those gargantuan deficits, and keep the
overy rolling. No one would accuse
lcker, who is justly famed for his stub-
rnness, of modifying his fierce anti-in-
ionary convictions to keep his job. But
was nonetheless telling Reagan's lieu-
ants what they wanted to hear.

Volcker further soothed the White
use at a May 24 meeting of the Federal
en Market Committee, the arm of the
d that acts most directly to expand
contract the money supply by buying
selling Government securities. There
lcker faced a rebellion led by Federal
serve Governor Henry Wallich. Com-
ttee members pointed out that M1, the
rowest measure of the money supply,
been growing at about twice its target
e and argued for a tightening up, even
he cost of a rise in interest rates. Re-
ing that other, broader measures of
ney supply are showing no excessive
rease, Volcker persuaded a committee
jority to continue putting out enough
ney to keep key interest rates about
ere they are now. Last Friday, howev-
his critics received additional ammu-
ion when the Fed announced that the
had jumped another $5.6 billion.
ough praising Volcker as an "honest,
bborn guy," Economist Michael Evans
tioned: "With the M1 way out of line,
ot of people are beginning to question
lcker's commitment to the [anti-infla-
n] cause."

Volcker's policy presents some dan-
s. If deficits are not reduced, it is
l possible that Government borrowing
ds will eventually collide with those of
siness, forcing the Federal Reserve to
ke a choice between letting interest
es rise enough to cut short the recovery,
pumping out enough money to start a
v round of inflation.

For the moment, however, price
sts are small, interest rates seem rea-
ably stable, and the recovery is gaining
ength. Housing starts in May rose 19%,
n annual rate of 1.8 million, and U.S.
tories operated at 72% of capacity, up
m a low of 67.4% last November.

Volcker said his new term would offer
rare opportunity to achieve sustained
wth on a foundation of stability."
anwhile, he has demonstrated that a
eful money manager can entrench
nself so deeply in his job that it be-
nes difficult even for a President who
ls uncomfortable with him to substitute
own man. Nonetheless, the President
struck a blow for continuity, in the
cess demonstrating anew that he is a
ster of both the bipartisan move and
w-biz delivery. —*By Maureen Dowd.*
orted by Laurence I. Barrett and David
kwith/Washington

Exercises in Make-Believe

Congress insists on setting spending goals, however fanciful

Domenici swings a playful gavel at Jones

The way to reconcile the irreconcilable is to choose the flat-out impossible. Or so, apparently, think the leaders of a conference committee that is trying to close the enormous gaps between fiscal 1984 budget resolutions passed by the Democratic-controlled House and Republican-ruled Senate. Though the conference had been expected to be long and prickly, the committee last week reached a tentative agreement, but only by adopting a set of revenue and spending targets that are an exercise in make-believe.

Military spending posed no real problem. The conferees agreed on an increase of 5% after adjustment for inflation, the obvious compromise between the Senate's 6% and the House's 4%. They settled on a $12 billion rise in revenues, which is much closer to the Senate target of $9 billion than the House goal of $30 billion. The House conferees knew their Democratic colleagues had voted for that $30 billion primarily as a protest against big deficits; when it comes time to make the decision on whose taxes to raise how much, it will be difficult to round up the votes even for a $12 billion boost.

In fact, Congress last week acted to reduce revenue. The Senate followed the House in voting to repeal the 10% withholding tax on interest and dividends scheduled to begin July 1. The Senators voted to raise their own pay to $69,800 a year, from the present $60,662, and to defer until Dec. 31 a limit on the outside income they can earn.

The big sticking point in the budget conference was expected to be domestic spending. The Senate had voted for a rise of $12.5 billion, about as far as its Republicans dared go in defying President Reagan's wishes. The House had demanded a $30 billion jump, thought necessary by many Democrats in order to keep faith with their liberal constituents.

Somewhat to the conferees' surprise, however, they found themselves less interested in ideology than in preserving the prerogative of Congress to set spending goals, which requires passage of some kind of budget resolution. So they crafted an ingeniously deceptive compromise. Domestic spending would be increased by $20 billion, but $6 billion of that would be in the form of a "contingency fund" to finance various recession-relief measures advocated by Democrats. The meaning: if Congress later fails to appropriate the money—or, more likely, fails to override the almost certain veto by Ronald Reagan—the $6 billion will simply vanish from the budget. This would allow Republicans to boast that they had held down spending and Democrats to tell their constituents that, well, they tried. In any case, there would be no major slash in the budget deficit, which would be between $170 billion and $180 billion.

Other parts of the compromise are equally unlikely ever to become reality. Reagan had demanded a 10% inflation-adjusted increase in military outlays (while signaling that he would settle for 7%), no tax increases at all and an actual reduction of $6.4 billion in domestic spending. White House staffers are talking of lobbying against the compromise budget resolution on the Senate and House floors, and they have a strong chance of defeating it. The prospect so worried New Mexico Republican Pete Domenici, head of the Senate conferees, that at week's end he backed away from putting the compromise in final form and instead scheduled further meetings with House conferees to consider changes that might lessen White House opposition.

If a budget resolution resembling last week's tentative agreement does pass Congress, it will not be subject to a presidential veto. Nor could Reagan force Congress to appropriate more money for the Pentagon. But he could, and has said repeatedly that he would, veto the tax-increase and domestic-appropriations bills that would be needed to back up the resolution. Most of those vetoes, moreover, would almost surely be sustained. Thus the makeshift conference agreement does not change the outlook for continued and chaotic struggle. The conferees have so far demonstrated only that they can agree on something—if, like the White Queen in *Through the Looking-Glass*, they believe six impossible things before breakfast. ■

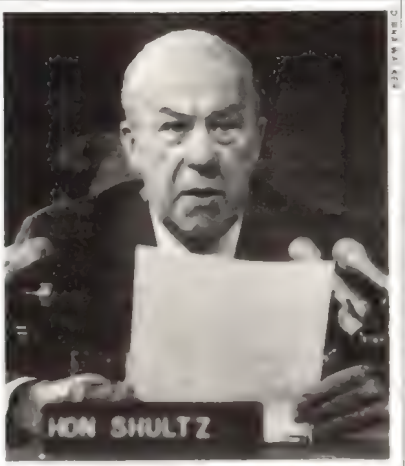
Iron and Velvet

Mixed signals for the Soviets

Since Ronald Reagan took office, his Administration's attitude toward the Soviet Union has read like a fever chart. At the outset, he branded the Soviets as a band of liars and cheats. But in January 1982, one month after martial law was declared in Poland, he dispatched then Secretary of State Alexander Haig to Geneva to meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. After Haig left office, Reagan continued his anti-Soviet rhetoric, going so far as to denounce the Soviet Union as an "evil empire" in his "Darth Vader speech" last March. But even while lambasting the Soviets in public, Reagan made the unusual gesture of receiving Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin in his private White House quarters.

Despite past zigzags, there were indications last week that the Administration was inching toward a thaw in East-West relations. In a letter to Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov, congratulating him on his election as President of the U.S.S.R., Reagan wrote: "I hope that together we can find ways to promote peace by reducing the level of armaments." In testimony delivered before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Secretary of State George Shultz also struck a note of tentative conciliation. "We do not accept as inevitable the prospect of endless, dangerous confrontation with the Soviet Union," he declared. "We now seek to engage the Soviet leaders in a constructive dialogue."

His 35-page statement, which was personally cleared by Reagan, was the first comprehensive statement of U.S. policy toward the Soviets since Shultz succeeded Haig almost a year ago. The warmer tone, however, did not stop Shultz from castigating the Soviets for their arms buildup and "unconstructive involvement" in unstable areas of the world. He came close to accusing the Soviets of testing new intercontinental ballistic missiles in violation of the unratified SALT II agreement, and excoriated them for human rights "infractions." In the past decade, he said, "the changes in Soviet behavior have been for the worse."



Secretary of State George Shultz testifying
Working to halt "dangerous confrontation."

Shultz outlined a carrot-and-stick approach that drew selectively from Truman's containment strategy and Nixon's détente. "Our policy, unlike some versions of détente, assumes that the Soviet Union is more likely to be deterred by our actions that make clear the risks their aggression entails than by a delicate web of interdependence," he said.

Unlike Haig, who was preoccupied with Soviet involvement in international terrorism, Shultz placed human rights front and center as a test of Soviet intentions. Said he: "The need for steady improvement of Soviet performance in the most important human rights categories is as central to the Soviet-American dialogue as any other theme." In a break with past Administrations, Shultz argued that arms control should not be the centerpiece of U.S.-Soviet relations. "As important as it is," he said, "arms control has not been—and cannot be—the dominant subject of our dialogue with the Soviets." Indeed, he painted a pessimistic picture of arms negotiations, saying that the U.S. "should not anticipate early agreement" with the Soviets.

Shultz said the U.S. would continue to strive for "military balance," defend itself and its allies, and support "those who have a positive alternative to the Soviet model" in politically turbulent areas like El Salvador. "At the same time," he added, "we will respect legitimate Soviet security interests and are ready to negotiate equitable solutions to outstanding political problems."

Under questioning from the Senators, Shultz made it clear that the low-decibel rhetoric did not augur an imminent Reagan-Andropov summit. He reiterated Reagan's contention that such a meeting would be useless unless there was a probability of "some significant outcome." The U.S. must play hard to get. "The minute you see another guy really wants any agreement," he said, "you got him."

Only hours after Shultz's testimony, Foreign Minister Gromyko made a speech before the Supreme Soviet (see WORLD) that was strikingly similar in tone and outlook. Both sides, it seemed, were showing a velvet glove, albeit with an iron fist inside. ■

A Big Lift

A reluctant Congress has authorized only $625 million for the MX missile, and President Reagan may never get all 100 weapons he has requested. Last Friday, however, the Administration got something it badly wanted: a successful first test flight of the 97.5-ton, four-stage, 76-ft. MX.

The ICBM was propelled out of a canister by a burst of steam. Then a solid-fuel engine kicked in, and the missile began its 4,100-mile flight from California's Vandenberg Air Force Base. In 30 minutes, its six dummy warheads splashed down where they were aimed in the South Pacific, near Kwajalein atoll. The target was apt: in the same Marshall Islands chain is Bikini atoll, site of the first peacetime atomic blast 36 years ago next week.

School Is In

Making an issue of education

Called on by the teacher, the President recited Shakespeare to a summer-school class in Farragut, Tenn. "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury," he read from a crib sheet, "signifying nothing." It was all part of Ronald Reagan's continuing crusade for stricter standards in the nation's schools, on a swing through Tennessee and New Mexico last week. In turn, his prospective Democratic rivals for the presidency charged that his speeches were mere sound and fury. "Everywhere he goes he's now a friend of education," scoffed Walter Mondale, who claimed Reagan had waited 20 years to support public education publicly. "To paraphrase Shakespeare, he protesteth too much."

Reagan again argued that merit pay for teachers and a return to basics would do more to remedy the "mediocrity" in the schools than infusions of new federal money. On a visit to Farragut High School in a suburb of Knoxville, he listened approvingly as Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander outlined his "master teacher" plan. It would offer salaries of up to $27,100 for top teachers, in contrast with a current high of about $17,800. "If we want to achieve excellence, we must reward it," Reagan said. "It is the American way." While the President was in Tennessee, the California legislature approved a plan that will, at least for a three-year period, give master teachers as much as $4,000 more a year.

The next day, speaking to the annual convention of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers in Albuquerque, Reagan pointed out that spending for schools soared between 1960 and 1980 while college-board scores slumped. "If a 600% increase could not make America smarter," he asked, "how much more do we need?" With remarkable detachment, the President at one point portrayed himself as a nonpartisan critic of the Federal Government. "Send a message to Washington, D.C.," he said. "Tell them education must never become a political football because your children come first."

Democratic presidential hopefuls, including Mondale and Senators Fritz Hollings of South Carolina and Alan Cranston of California, condemned Reagan's approach and instead proposed more generous federal support. Cranston offered a plan featuring financial bonuses for improving test scores. Topping the $11 billion program Mondale announced six weeks ago, Hollings unveiled a $14 billion program that would give $5,000-a-year raises to all 2.3 million public school teachers. Hollings also borrowed from the Bard: "Shall the public schools of this land be bound in shallows and in miseries, or shall we take the tide at the flood? This is education's tide . . . This is education's hour." On that point, at least, Republicans and Democrats agree. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

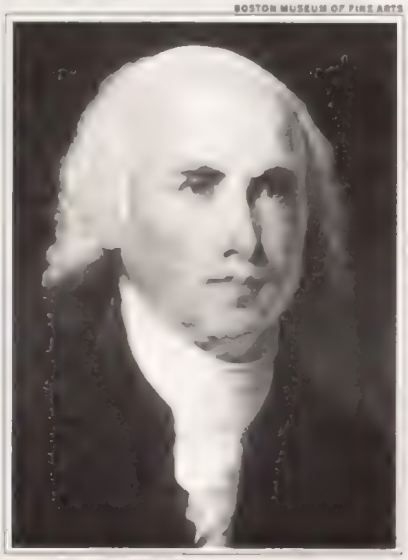
A Government of Citizens

He who refuses to rule is liable to be ruled by one who is worse than himself.
—Plato's *Republic*

That concern was being discussed at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue last week. Presidential Counsel Fred Fielding is worried—because of low pay, conflict-of-interest suspicions, financial disclosure requirements and press probing of their private lives—about the increasing difficulty of luring citizens into executive positions. What troubles Fielding most is the growing assumption that a person of achievement from the private sector who agrees to take an important Administration post must have an ulterior motive—and therefore must prove his honorable intentions. Excellent people still volunteer for Government service, notes Fielding. "But I wonder how many talented men and women these days never show any interest and we never hear of them because of these problems."

On Capitol Hill, the question of how to attract wise men and women, and how to keep them wise, was also weighing on Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker. His pensiveness came as the Senate debated what to pay members and how much outside income to allow. Baker says that Congressmen are becoming "elected bureaucrats" and not the citizen legislators envisioned at the beginning of the Republic. "We think of ourselves as permanent full-time employees of the Federal Government instead of the elected representatives of the people of our districts and states," Baker declared on the Senate floor. The Congress, he believes, should be made up of merchants, farmers, workers and teachers who keep jobs at home and come to Washington only part time for modest pay.

BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



James Madison: betting on human nature

Other lawmakers, like Wisconsin's Senator William Proxmire, insist that any member of Congress who keeps a job has an automatic conflict of interest. Baker responds that only those who live and work back home really appreciate the needs of constituents. Today's Congress, says Baker, spends most of the year in Washington worrying about the minutiae of complex legislation. "I cannot see any place in the Constitution or the early documents of the Republic where it says Congress was supposed to compete with the bureaucracy in the detailed daily nitty-gritty of governing this country," Baker adds.

It is doubtful that we could go back to a Congress of citizen legislators at this stage of our national life. But the drift toward a Congress of elected bureaucrats has touched off a profound philosophical confrontation. One side believes that all Government servants must be thoroughly divorced from the private sector so as to eliminate conflicts of interest and corruption. The other side argues that a Government of the people, by the people and for the people must have leaders who move back and forth between the private and public sectors. Without cross-pollination, this thinking goes, the Government loses touch and the public becomes restive, even hostile.

Some of that tension is evident today. There are now 19 million people at all levels of American government, and they absorb 36% of the wealth that this nation produces. More and more, their ideas collide with a populace that finds the tax burden too great, regulations too profuse, waste too prevalent and sympathy for ordinary people too limited.

"As there is a degree of depravity in mankind which requires a certain degree of circumspection and distrust," wrote James Madison back in 1788, "so there are other qualities in human nature which justify a certain portion of esteem and confidence. Republican government presupposes the existence of these qualities in a higher degree than any other form." Madison bet on that. Perhaps it is time to reaffirm the belief that there still is sufficient virtue among us for citizens to play a leading role in government.

Urging Congress To Up the Ante

Two Presidents make a pitch

It was a clear case of like-mindedness. Against a backdrop of growing concern in Congress over the Administration's Central American policy, El Salvador's provisional President, Alvaro Alfredo Magaña, on his first official trip to Washington, and President Reagan emerged from two hours of White House meetings last week to issue none-too-subtle pitches aimed straight at Capitol Hill. Both Presidents stressed support for Salvadoran democracy, land reform and human rights—prime congressional priorities.

"I want to appeal to the honorable members of Congress to support the efforts of President Reagan to aid El Salvador," said Magaña. ". . . A weak, vacillating commitment endangers peace and hemispheric security." Reagan applauded Magaña's "admirable progress in the difficult task of moving El Salvador toward democracy . . . The people of that brave country deserve and have our support." Reagan also lauded Magaña for his attempts to encourage all Salvadorans, including the extreme left, to participate in the electoral process. Said Reagan: "This is the true path of peace for that country."

In fact, while prospects for any kind of rapprochement between the Magaña government and the guerrillas remain slim, U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone nonetheless returned from a twelve-day, ten-country "listening tour" of Central America in an unexpectedly sanguine mood about starting some kind of dialogue between the rebels and the Salvadoran government. He is expected to express an emphasis on reconciliation in his report to the President this week. Predicted one National Security Council staffer: "I would not be at all surprised to see a dialogue worked out." The Magaña government, backed by the Reagan Administration, has long insisted that the guerrillas must win their political power at the voting booth, not the bargaining table.

Stone ended his trip in Mexico City with a strong statement on Tuesday in support of the Contadora group—four Latin American countries, led by Mexico and Venezuela—that have been seeking a regional solution to the fighting. Speaking in passable Spanish, the former Florida Senator said the Reagan Administration would "defer" to the countries involved and not "impose our own agenda."

Such diplomatic talk notwithstanding, there were signs that the tempo of the Central American conflict might soon quicken. In the first phase of a Viet Nam–like operation known as the National Plan that has long been advocated by U.S. advisers, the Salvadoran army began chasing guerrillas out of the strategically important San Vicente province and prepared to stay a while to create a shield for a government-sponsored effort to rebuild schools, roads and medical centers. In Honduras, 100 U.S. advisers arrived last week to train Salvadoran troops, against a backdrop of new clashes on the Honduran-Nicaraguan border. "The Honduran question is getting some attention right now," said an Administration official, referring to the danger of war between Nicaragua and Honduras. "If you had 15,000 to 20,000 Cuban troops in Nicaragua, you might do something bold." That unsettling possibility certainly seemed remote enough, but late last week TIME learned of the recent arrival in Managua of Cuba's General Arnaldo Ochoa, Castro's leading specialist in expeditionary forces. "This," says an Administration aide, "is ominous. It worries the hell out of us."

Taking all this in, Congress nevertheless remained wary of any new pressures, whether from the White House, El Salvador or Honduras, to up the Central American ante. Congressional committees recently cut in half the Administration's request for $60 million in aid to El Salvador, and sentiment seemed to be building for a different, nonmilitary approach. Democratic Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington and Republican Charles Mathias of Maryland proposed a bipartisan commission on Central America, similar to the one that helped design the Marshall Plan after World War II. The panel, which would formulate a strategy of economic aid to the whole region, would consist of business, government, labor and religious leaders, and scholars and representatives of the area. Reagan is said to be interested. "We'll be supportive if Congress funds it," said an Administration official. ■

Magaña of El Salvador with Reagan

Both Presidents talked about peace.

Drug Nets

Stepping up the attack

Sometimes it seems that success fathers its own problems. In its campaign to hook smuggled drugs, the Reagan Administration has claimed some impressive catches: since establishing a regional interdiction center in South Florida in March 1982, it says that cocaine and marijuana seizures there are up 54% and 23% respectively, drug arrests have risen by 27%, and the street value of intercepted dope amounts to around $5 billion. Smugglers, however, have risen to the challenge by trafficking in smaller, harder-to-detect loads and by moving some off-loading operations to other places, including California and the Atlantic Coast as far north as Nova Scotia.

To counterattack, Vice President George Bush, in a speech on Friday, announced the creation of five new regional interdiction centers that will be modeled on the South Florida experience. Based in New York, Chicago, New Orleans, El Paso and Long Beach, Calif., each new office will be assigned representatives from all the major military and intelligence bodies and will make use of equipment from other agencies. Explained one Bush aide: "The military has to go on training missions anyway. If we know of a trouble spot, why not ask the Air Force to fly a plane with radar to that spot?"

All of this coordinated activity comes none too soon in the view of the General Accounting Office (GAO). Last week it issued an 88-page report charging that despite a tripling of federal resources to $278 million over six years, only 16% of the marijuana and less than 10% of the other illegal drugs entering the country were seized. It further observed that military assistance is necessarily limited by costs, other commitments and national security considerations. Above all, the GAO urged the creation of a single "drug czar" post to coordinate sometimes inefficient and even counterproductive drug-busting efforts by the various agencies involved.

George Bush

Administration officials complained that the report, mostly covering the period between 1977 and September 1982, ignored recent developments, and pointed out that there is already an emphasis on closer cooperation. Each of the newly established offices will have a full-time coordinator under the overall command of the Vice President's staff. Said Bush last Friday: "We in the Administration are not unaware of the difficulty of our task. But our efforts are both innovative and substantial." ■

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Why so many Mercedes-Benz automobiles have achieved classic resale value – before they were old enough to be classics.

Each of the Mercedes-Benz automobiles in the picture at left has been shown to be actually worth more money today than the day it was new.

What makes this fact astonishing is that each is a production model and far from rare. And each was built in 1971–little more than a decade ago.

Astonishing consistency

The astonishingly consistent Mercedes-Benz legend of retained value is thus enhanced. A legend composed not just of a few exotic models, so rare and so old that their value could be expected to rise higher as the years pass by, but models you can see on the streets and highways of America every day–such as those in the picture at left.

True, the most money ever paid for a production automobile was paid for a Mercedes-Benz–a 1936 500K Roadster, auctioned in 1979 for four hundred thousand dollars. And the experts can cite numerous other Mercedes-Benz models now worth double, triple, quadruple their original selling prices.

But these same experts can attest to the remarkable overall record compiled by *all* Mercedes-Benz automobiles –sedans as well as coupes and roadsters, diesels alongside their gasoline-powered counterparts; from the recent past as well as the distant past. A record that is perhaps best expressed in one simple statement: the Mercedes-Benz name is so coveted by American buyers today that after the first three years, the *entire Mercedes-Benz line*–not just a few isolated models–has been shown to retain an average of 84 percent of original value.

Some individual models from some makers might possibly match this figure. In so doing, they only underscore the point: the Mercedes-Benz legend is not based on *some* cars, specially handpicked; it is based on the total resale performance of all models in the line.

Minimal depreciation

The net result has been a series of automobiles so desirable to so many people that their value has refused to tumble–refused, indeed, to more than minimally depreciate as the miles and years have gone by.

Perhaps this is because there have never been quite enough Mercedes-Benz automobiles to satisfy America's demand.

Perhaps it is because their value has never been cheapened by annual model changes, or face-lifts, or marketing artifice of any kind.

Perhaps–as the engineers would claim–it is simply because they are built to uncommon standards, to serve their owners uncommonly well.

A crucial measure

Not even Mercedes-Benz knows the reason to an absolute certainty. And not even Mercedes-Benz can predict the future course of resale value in this uncertain, unpredictable world of ours.

But that resale value stands as a crucial measure of automotive worth is beyond question. And amid the welter of claims and counterclaims about value retention in the marketplace today, the lessons of Mercedes-Benz resale history–*recent* resale history– cannot be discounted by any automobile buyer. And they should not be ignored.

Engineered like no other car in the world

Clockwise from top: 300 SEL 6.3 Sedan, 280 SL Roadster, 280 SE 3.5 Coupe, 280 SE 3.5 Convertible. 250 CE Coupe, 280 SE Sedan.

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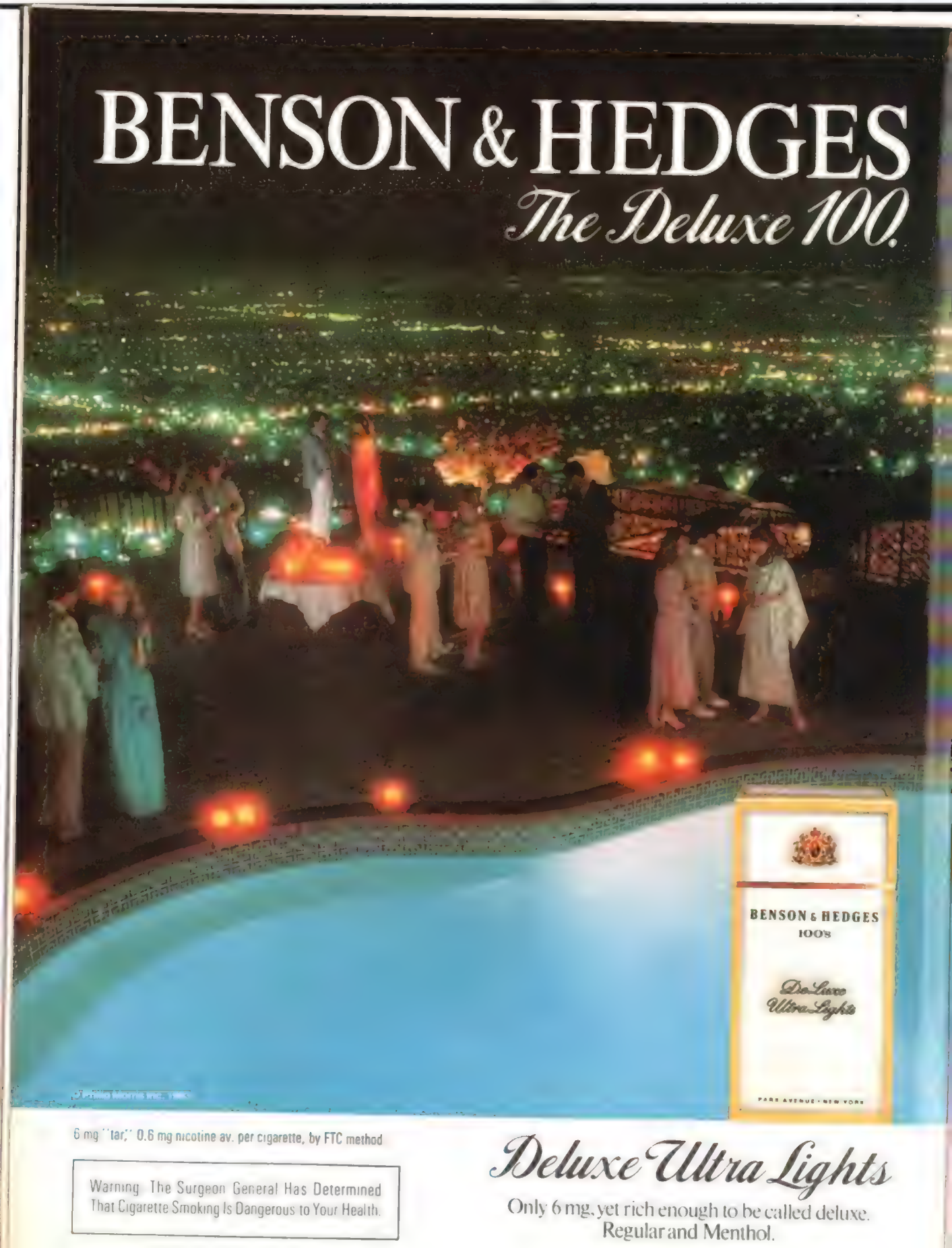

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Carving Out a New Dust Bowl

Sodbusting is changing the face of Great Plains farming

A tractor rakes a chisel plow across rangeland south of Winnett, Mont.

Earlier this month 500-h.p. diesel tractors, brand-named Big Bud 525 and Steiger Panther, pushed 60-ft.-wide chisel plows into the gentle prairie around the hamlet of Winnett, Mont., quickly transforming what once was Wayne Bratten's 28,000-acre ranch into a raw wound of overturned earth. Eastern Colorado Wheat Farmer Emmett Linnebur became a part owner of the Crow Rock Ranch near Miles City, Mont., and used a fleet of ten supertractors to tear into 50,000 of its acres for wheat planting. In recent years, tractors have bulldozed some 6.4 million acres of marginal grasslands in Montana and Colorado and an estimated 27 million acres scattered across the rest of the U.S.

While this frenzy of rangeland transformation has made money for some, for others it has raised the specter of an environmental calamity. Explains Steve Meyer, executive vice president of the Montana association of conservation districts: "When you remove the vegetation on rangelands, you're depleting a resource. If steps aren't taken, we face the possibility of another Dust Bowl."

Critics of sodbusting, as the increasingly common practice of slicing grazing lands into wheat farms is called, say that most of the marginal land of the Great Plains cannot support commercial exploitation. With less than 20 inches of precipitation a year, the region is semiarid. These marginal soils, where they are not too rocky or saline, are often too sandy for farming or are packed with calcium and lime. When overturned by plow blades, valuable topsoil only a few inches thick becomes vulnerable to wind and rain erosion; once gone, it takes decades to replace. The sodbusters are either big operators who buy land and plow on a major scale, or small ranchers who break their own land for a quick cash fix. "I want to make a buck," concedes John Greytak, 53, a former Datsun dealer and present grain operator who since 1974 has broken 250,000 acres of grazing land, mostly in Montana, and stores some 30% of his wheat production in giant bins (for which the Government pays him 26.5¢ per bu. each year). Robert W. Thomas has put more than 20,000 acres of northern Colorado rangeland under the plow since 1979 and claims to have made at least $1 million on the recent sale of a 9,480-acre tract of prairie land that he planted in wheat.

Former Rancher Bratten

Sodbusters buy rangeland at prices that are relatively low because of today's depressed livestock industry, plow and plant the acreage in wheat, then sell the cultivated land, sometimes to buyers unfamiliar with the region and the fragility of the range's topsoil. Since the mid-1970s, planted prairie tracts have shot up in value because of speculation in cropland as an inflation hedge and federal farm programs such as PIK (payment in kind).

PIK allows farmers to sell federal surplus grain if they agree to plant less wheat in a given year. If a farmer with 100 acres of wheat land wishes to apply for PIK, he must first have farmed the land for two years. Once his application is accepted, he can take some or all of the land out of production in the third year and ask the Government for, say, 80% to 95% of the grain that the land would have produced. The farmer can then sell that wheat for the highest price he can get. The national average this year: $3.50 per bu. Last week Agriculture Secretary John R. Block offered a plan to extend PIK to the 1984 harvest in order to make further reductions in the price-depressing wheat surplus.

While not directly affecting most speculators right now, the existence of PIK has helped encourage sodbusting. In one area of Montana, for example, undeveloped land that sold for $100 an acre recently fetched more than twice that price when tilled in wheat. Says Ronald Miller, a federal district conservationist: "As long as a person can come in and almost immediately double his money, the problem is going to continue."

Loans, federal subsidies such as deficiency and disaster payments, and price supports for crops help sodbusters as well as other agricultural producers. Entrepreneurs apply for price supports and, as required by federal law, take 15% to 20% of their cropland out of production. In effect, range plowers break prairie land that may have little agricultural value and collect money for keeping it out of cultivation. Says Bernie Spanogle, district forest ranger at the Pawnee National Grassland in Colorado: "People are farming the federal crop programs, not the land."

Though land-use regulation is the virtual preserve of state and local governments, Colorado Republican Senator William Armstrong has introduced a "sodbuster bill" backed by the Reagan Administration and the Montana Stockgrowers Association, a group traditionally opposed to land-use controls. It would deny federal payments of any kind for crops grown on highly erodible land. A companion bill is pending in the House. Local officials are also beginning to take action. A new law in Weld County, Colo., requires sodbusters to prepare a conservation plan and obtain a permit from the county commissioners. This spring Colorado strengthened an existing law that permits counties to enforce conservation measures and make violators responsible for destruction caused by their plowing.

For many residents of the northern Great Plains, such legislation cannot come soon enough. Edith Phillips, 71, of Weld County, is suing Sodbuster Thomas for $150,000 because of waves of dirt that she claims are blowing off his plowed acreage and onto her homestead. Says she: "There's nothing but dust out there. You can't breathe." Admonishes Bill Brown, a Montana rancher: "The Government shouldn't be subsidizing bad farming practices." —*By Robert T. Grieves. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Denver*

A trip fraught with risk: the Pope listens to welcoming speeches at an ecumenical meeting, left, and to General Jaruzelski, top right. At an open-air Mass in Warsaw, hundreds protest with the V-for-victory sign

COVER STORY

Return of the Native

John Paul brings a message of unity and hope to his weary homeland

The scene in the high-ceilinged chamber of Warsaw's Belvedere Palace had just the right amount of symbolism to satisfy history-minded Poles. There was General Wojciech Jaruzelski, standing ramrod straight in an olive-drab uniform encrusted with ten rows of ribbons, the very personification of his country's preoccupation with military honor. Next to him stood Pope John Paul II, a golden pectoral cross hanging over his white robes, the representative of a church that is heroically linked in Polish minds with the tribulations of a nation that has, throughout the centuries, suffered invasions, defeats and even dismemberment.

From the start of the 2-hr. 40-min. meeting, the first ever between the Pope and Jaruzelski, the general seemed uncomfortable with his guest. As Jaruzelski clutched his prepared text, his hands trembled nervously. Beginning his speech, he immediately sought to justify his decision to impose military rule on his unwilling countrymen 18 months ago. "It is said that Poland suffers," Jaruzelski said. "But who put in the scales the enormity of human suffering, torment and tears that have been successfully avoided?" Speaking in the code that all Poles understand, Jaruzelski was delicately implying that only his intervention had forestalled a Soviet invasion of Poland. Then, in an attempt to show his good faith, he expressed his readiness to end martial law as soon as the situation in Poland "develops successfully." This, he said, could occur at a "not distant date," though he would not be more precise. Jaruzelski gave the Pope two gifts: a breastplate of hussar's armor, from the battle in which Polish troops helped end the Turkish siege of Vienna exactly 300 years ago, and a painting of the Tatra Mountains, in which John Paul enjoyed hiking when he was Archbishop of Cracow.

The Pope listened patiently, with his head bowed, as the general made his case. Then, in a surprisingly direct response, John Paul asked Jaruzelski in effect to turn back the clock and honor the agreements that had given rise to Solidarity, the first independent trade union in the Communist bloc. Said the Pope: "I do not stop hoping that the social reforms announced on many occasions, according to the principles so painstakingly worked out in the critical days of August 1980 and contained in the agreements, will gradually be put into effect." According to John Paul, renewal was "indispensable for maintaining the good name of Poland in the world." He hinted that liberalization might help Poland end its international isolation and improve relations "above all with the United States."

The second moment of high drama in the Pope's eight-day pilgrimage to his homeland was expected to occur this week, when he met with Lech Walesa, the ebullient, mustachioed electrician who has become an international symbol of the outlawed Solidarity movement. The Pope's conversations with the two main protagonists on the Polish scene would accent the central position that the church continues to occupy there. The visit also underscored the Pope's moral authority. Initially, the government had refused to allow Walesa to see him. It relented only after John Paul insisted upon the session.

The former union leader, who is now merely a "private citizen" in the government's eyes, was among the millions of Poles riveted to their television sets as the Pope arrived in Poland. Walesa spent

JESTEŚMY

An extraordinary pageant of the spirit: more than a million people gather in Warsaw's soccer stadium to hear John Paul II say Mass

most of the week in his home town of Gdansk, where he had returned to his job at the Lenin shipyards two months ago after spending nearly a year in detention. When Walesa asked permission from the shipyard management to take a day off to meet the Pope, the request was denied. Instead, a group of policemen turned up at his apartment; in an apparent effort to intimidate him, they followed him everywhere—to work, to Mass, and even, Walesa quipped, "to the lavatory."

Walesa had expected to meet the Pope on Sunday in Czestochowa, where John Paul celebrated the 600th anniversary of the Black Madonna, Poland's holiest religious painting. But Walesa stood by his telephone in Gdansk all day waiting for the summons that did not come.

It was no surprise that the same Pope who had visited Argentina and Britain during the Falklands war would want to try his brand of diplomacy in Poland. After five years in the Vatican—and 17 foreign pilgrimages—John Paul's longing for his homeland has, if anything, only deepened. When reporters accompanying him on the Alitalia 727 jet from Rome last week asked him what he felt like now that he was going home, John Paul responded with a single English word: "Myself."

Ordinary Poles, too, began to act like themselves, as if reinvigorated by the Pope's presence. At curbsides or huddled together in windows or on balconies, their faces reflected sullen amazement, fearful wonder and, finally, bittersweet joy. In an extraordinary pageant of the spirit, they gathered a million strong for Mass in a Warsaw stadium. When John Paul went to Czestochowa a million more covered the grassy slopes around the Jasna Gora monastery. Some Poles held banners in red and white, indiscriminately mixing religion and politics in messages such as HOPE-SOLIDARITY and YOU ARE THE REAL FATHER OF SOLIDARITY. Others laid flowers along the papal path or held up plain wooden crosses as tokens of what their nation had suffered.

A defiant reminder of Solidarity's birthplace

During his journey across Poland, John Paul was trying to measure the great historical and psychological divide that separates this pilgrimage from his triumphal return in June 1979. His first homecoming had been spontaneously jubilant, as Poles in the millions turned out to greet a favorite son who had left for Rome eight months before as a Cardinal and come back as the first Polish Pope in history. The experience of standing shoulder to shoulder in quiet defiance of the country's Communist rulers had helped prepare the way for Solidarity's rise.

But today, under military rule, Poland has grown sullen and weary. By returning to his homeland in its hour of need, John Paul wanted to revive the spirit of his compatriots. Said a Vatican confidant of the Pope: "Some people in Poland expect the Pope to perform a miraculous change in the situation. But the Pope has only one wish—to bring a degree of unity and a measure of hope to a divided nation in which the people see no hope."

From the start the trip was fraught with risk. Jaruzelski's motive in allowing it was to give legitimacy to his regime, which the U.S. and many West European governments continue to view with suspicion. Some Vatican officials were worried that the Pope would be jeopardizing his prestige and that of the church by encouraging the hope that Poland's military government could be persuaded to loosen its grip. If John Paul's visit produced no concrete results, they argued, it could leave

The Pope kisses a young Pole at the airport, then drives through Warsaw in his Popemobile as police link arms to hold back the crowd

Poles in a deeper state of gloom than when he arrived. Ever present was the danger that the trip would release so much frustration and rage that neither the state nor the church would be able to contain it. Still, John Paul has gambled for high stakes before—and won.

Poles caught their first glimpse of the man whose portrait hangs in countless homes across the country as he stepped from the plane at Warsaw's Okecie Airport. Clutching his white skullcap against a sudden breeze, John Paul made his way down to the tarmac and, in his traditional gesture of respect, knelt to kiss the asphalt. While Polish President Henryk Jablonski looked on, the Pope explained with emotion that he had kissed the ground, "as if I placed a kiss on the hands of a mother, for the homeland is our earthly mother." Said John Paul: "I consider it my duty to be with my compatriots in this sublime and difficult moment."

Looking at the small but somewhat restrained crowd that was being kept behind a rope, the Pope could see a large white banner that read, WELCOME HOLY FATHER. It was signed ACTORS in the familiar flowing red lettering that Poles have come to identify with the Solidarity logo. If that bit of subterfuge had conveyed a poignant message without violating official prohibitions on the display of the banned union's emblems, John Paul showed that he could be equally deft in making a point without resorting to inflammatory rhetoric.

As he continued to read his brief airport address in the clear, strong voice of a onetime actor, John Paul evoked Christ's words in *Matthew 25: 36* ("I was sick and you visited me. I was in prison and you came to me") to express his personal concern for those detained under martial law. "I myself am not able to visit all the sick, the imprisoned, the suffering, but I ask them to be close to me in spirit," he said. Later, in what struck many listeners as a reference to the fact that he had been asked not to include in his itinerary the port of Gdansk, where the independent Solidarity union was founded in August 1980, the Pontiff called on Poles who could not see him "to welcome my presence in those places where my pilgrim path does not go."

Praying at the tomb of Cardinal Wyszynski

Many residents of Gdansk and other cities the Pope would not visit came to Warsaw to see him. Jammed ten deep along the route of John Paul's motorcade, they raised homemade signs naming the cities from which they had come. Like the heroine of a Delacroix painting, one robust woman boldly thrust a banner reading GDANSK WELCOMES YOU toward a column of police as the procession filed past. The crowd roared its approval.

Trying to make the best of tightened security measures, Poles placed bouquets of flowers into the upright metal pipes of street barricades. In an equally incongruous display of church-state cooperation, young priests in black cassocks shared the responsibility for security along the Pope's route with young police officers carrying pistols in their holsters.

Most of the crowd massed in the cobblestone square in front of the newly restored Royal Palace. Elderly Poles dressed for Mass prayed fervently or chatted in hushed tones about the Pope's imminent arrival. About 20 university students from Poznan who had slept overnight on the floor of a Dominican cloister strummed guitars and sang religious and folk songs. Entire families huddled in the windows of nearby buildings

that were decorated with white-and-red Polish flags, yellow-and-white papal pennants and portraits of the Pope and the Black Madonna. As John Paul rode past in the white Popemobile that had been brought from Rome, a wave of emotion surged through the crowd. Some Poles openly wept. Others thrust their fingers defiantly into the air in a V sign and chanted "*Solidarnosc*" and "Walesa."

The papal entourage came to a halt in front of St. John's Cathedral, a red-brick gothic church in the Old Town that has served as a rallying point for antigovernment demonstrators since the declaration of martial law. John Paul entered the church and descended to the underground crypt to pray in front of the tomb of the late Polish Primate Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, who died in May 1981.

The Pope then celebrated a memorial Mass for Wyszynski. In his homily John Paul urged Poles to consider the Passion of Christ. The Pontiff told the hushed assembly, crammed into every alcove of the vaulted church, that he stood beneath the Cross, "together with all my compatriots—especially those who are most acutely tasting the bitterness of disappointment, humiliation, suffering, of being deprived of their freedom, of being wronged, of having their dignity trampled upon." Then, in a second indirect appeal to jailed Solidarity supporters, he cited Wyszynski's three-year ordeal under house arrest during a state campaign against the church in the 1950s as an example of how to draw strength from adversity. The congregation burst into applause when John Paul thanked God that Wyszynski had been "spared the sad events associated with the date of Dec. 13, 1981," when martial law was imposed.

The Pontiff's tribute to the late Primate underscored how deeply Polish Catholics have felt the loss of Wyszynski, who almost single-handed shaped the church into a social force that Poland's Communist leaders can now ignore only at great risk. His successor, Jozef Cardinal Glemp, 54, a soft-spoken expert in canon law, realizes only too well that he cannot imitate the late Primate's autocratic style. Instead, he has tried to work in closer consultation with the church's 89-member episcopate.

But Glemp has come under criticism from some Catholic intellectuals and radical parish priests who actively supported Solidarity. They claim that he has not been forceful enough in pressing the Jaruzelski government to seek a dialogue with Polish society. Says a writer who specializes in religious affairs: "The church knows from experience that the only time the authorities listen is when the government is weak. Jaruzelski is weak now, and the more militant branch of the church believes it is time to set conditions for future cooperation."

With Solidarity no longer a third force in Polish politics, the church has once again moved into its traditional role as the only recognized voice of the disaffected and disenfranchised. Says Father Bronislaw Piasecki, Glemp's private confessor and the pastor of Warsaw's Saviour Church: "Because the government is absolutely isolated from society, it feels that the church is less dangerous than a legitimate political opposition." But if the church is strong in moral authority, it is hamstrung by the fact that it has no legal standing in Polish society and must constantly engage in a cat-and-mouse game with the state to protect its interests.

Difficult months of bargaining preceded the Pope's visit to Poland. John Paul was originally supposed to return home in August 1982 for the celebration at Czestochowa but the military crackdown intervened and Jaruzelski postponed the trip. When the government finally invited the Pope, he asked Jaruzelski to grant a general amnesty. The authorities adamantly refused. Warsaw also balked at including the cities of Gdansk and Lublin in the papal itinerary, fearing that supporters of the banned union, which was particularly strong in those two cities, might use the Pope's visit to stage demonstrations. The Vatican, for its part, would not give the government advance copies of the Pope's speeches except when an official reply was expected, and it refused to discuss barring Walesa from meeting the Pope.

In the weeks leading up to the visit, Polish clerics and government officials have been smiling through clenched teeth, but the struggle has continued in the official press. Challenging an unwritten understanding that granted the episcopate more permits to build churches, the hard-line weekly *Rzeczywistosc* bluntly questioned whether there were not too many churches going up at a time when the nation could ill afford them. The Warsaw daily *Zycie Warszawy* attacked the Roman Catholic community on a different front, claiming that it was "morally ambiguous" for the church to call for a general amnesty while giving aid to Solidarity's underground. Even Jaruzelski entered the fray, assailing "certain clergymen who espouse antisocialist activities and attitudes."

Especially controversial are the parish relief committees that have sprung up to channel food and funds to the families of the imprisoned (*see box*). A Jesuit priest from the city of Kalisz was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for collecting aid for the relatives of political prisoners. When the teen-age son of a relief worker died after he was mauled by the police, Cardinal Glemp lashed back, calling on the government to stop "infringing human and civic rights." Although the authorities have promised to investigate the event, Poles expect no results. When the Pope spotted the dead boy's mother in a crowded Warsaw church, he spoke to her softly for several moments, then embraced her and kissed her on the cheek.

Given the atmosphere of mistrust,

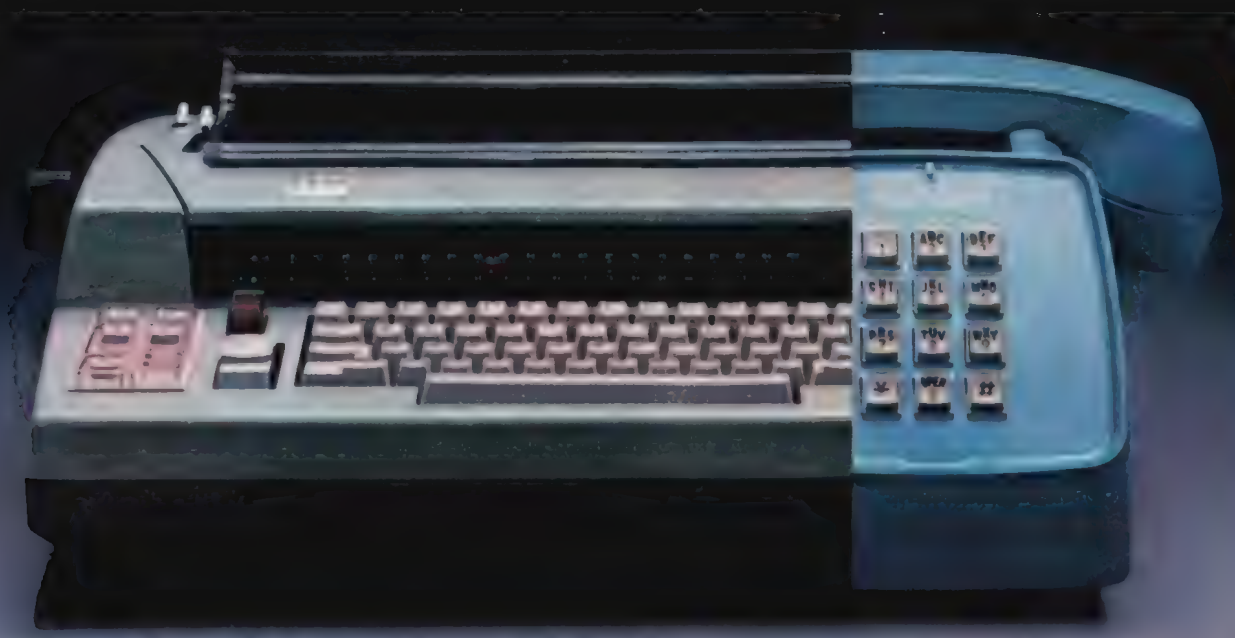
The Black Madonna in Czestochowa

Poland's Queen

For Poles, the Black Madonna of Czestochowa is far more than an object of Roman Catholic reverence. It is a source of historical continuity, a cause and remembrance of national liberation from foreign enemies, and a fount of miracles.

The 4-ft. by 2½-ft. gilt-and-tempera dark-hued portrait of the Virgin Mary and Christ child is laden with gems and silver. By legend, the painting is attributed to St. Luke the Evangelist, and was executed on a table top from the house of Mary, Joseph and Jesus in Nazareth. It origins are unknown, but it may date as far back as 6th century Greece or Byzantium. The painting surfaced in Poland in 1382 at the recently founded Jasna Gora (Mountain of Light) monastery, a fortress-like institution located in Czestochowa, about 140 miles south of Warsaw.

The Madonna's status as an emblem of Polish nationalism dates from Sweden's invasion of the country in 1655. For 40 days, as the Swedes surrounded the monastery, the monks prayed to the Virgin for deliverance. The siege failed, and the Poles subsequently drove the Swedes out of the country. In gratitude, the reigning Polish monarch, Jan Kazimierz, dedicated his throne and the country to "the Virgin Mary, Queen of Poland." In 1711 the people of Warsaw walked to Czestochowa to thank the Virgin for saving the city from the bubonic plague. Ever since, the pilgrimage has been an annual rite.



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church leaders were worried that the state might prove overzealous in protecting the Pope. Clerics in the industrial city of Katowice reportedly scotched a proposal by local security officers to build watchtowers around the site of an open-air Mass, fearing that it would make the faithful feel as if they were in a concentration camp. Residents of Cracow also wondered why a park that had been used for a papal Mass in 1979 had been subdivided with wooden railings that gave it the appearance of a cattle pen. The likely explanation: it was a clever way to keep the Pope from mingling with the people. A parish priest in Warsaw urged his congregation not to be intimidated by the security measures, noting that "God alone will determine the length of the Holy Father's life."

If official concern for the Pope's safety seemed exaggerated, the Polish police had good reason to fear an outbreak of antigovernment demonstrations. After the Pope left St. John's Cathedral, Solidarity supporters rallied in front of the Royal Palace and began to march through downtown Warsaw to the headquarters of the Communist Party Central Committee. Soon the crowd had swelled to 30,000. Gray-haired grandmothers walked resolutely alongside teen-agers. Little girls riding on the shoulders of their fathers flashed the victory sign. If the procession, at times, had the air of a carnival, there were also moments of solemnity as the marchers joined in a chorus of *O God, Who Has Protected Poland*, a nationalist hymn sung by the shipyard workers who went on strike in Gdansk in August 1980.

People watching from apartments overlooking the mile-long route applauded from open windows. Encouraged by the support, the demonstrators shouted their slogans even louder: "No freedom without Solidarity," "Freedom of speech," "We want truth." When a group of priests waved from a church balcony, the crowd picked up the chant, "The priests are with us. The Pope is with us." Crucifixes bobbed alongside Solidarity banners and Polish flags. Said a Warsaw University student: "The Pope's presence gives the people courage to say what they think. What you see here is the real Poland."

When the marchers arrived at Central Committee headquarters, they found their route blocked by several hundred riot policemen. For a few tense moments they waited in front of the phalanx armed with shields and clubs. But security officials had apparently been told to avoid a confrontation at all cost; with uncharacteristic courtesy, they used their bullhorns to announce: "We are kindly asking you to please disperse." The spontaneous protest ended peacefully, but not before Solidarity supporters had taunted the riot squad with the cry: "See you tomorrow."

On the eve of the Pope's arrival, underground union activists had pulled off a daring propaganda ploy. At about 7:30 p.m., Radio Solidarity suddenly broke into officially controlled air waves to broadcast an old recording of John Paul praising the ideals of the banned union. Before the clandestine program could be drowned out, Polish listeners heard a message for the Pope from Zbigniew Bujak, who, as the fugitive former leader of Warsaw's Solidarity branch, is high on the government's "most wanted" list. Said Bujak: "We welcome you amid the continuing struggle for our union's rights, for freedom for those in jail, for restoration of man's dignity and human rights."

In an interview last month with the underground weekly *Tygodnik Mazowsze*, Bujak had promised to come out of hiding and be "somewhere along the route to greet the Pope." Despite the bravado, the estimated 50 members of the underground are in a quandary about what to do next. As the spontaneous display of support in Warsaw last week illustrated, Solidarity still commands the allegiance of a substantial part of the Polish population. But none of that translates into real political power. Indeed, after the Jaruzelski government resorted to force to quell street demonstrations last May, underground leaders urged their followers not to disrupt the Pope's visit with protests. Even Bujak has conceded that "our fight will go on for a much longer time—years, not months or weeks."

While union activists ponder their strategy, the regime has been picking off key members of the underground. Days before the papal visit, security police rounded up ten Solidarity workers in Cracow; most had been involved in running illegal presses. Some church leaders have even begun to question whether it would not be better to close the Solidarity chapter in Poland's history and move on. Says Father Piasecki: "The underground? Who are they? What is their program? How do they plan to carry it out? You cannot talk to a partner who is not visible."

But if Solidarity leaders were nowhere to be seen, their supporters were legion. More than one million people, the largest crowd that had assembled anywhere in Poland since the Pope's 1979 visit, jammed Warsaw's Tenth Anniversary soccer stadium for an open-air Mass on the second day of the Pope's visit. Some of them had arrived more than 24 hours early in order to greet the Pontiff. The crowd included delegations from Gdansk, Poznan, Radom, Lublin and other Polish cities. There were uniformed boy scouts, nurses in white tunics, peasant women in brightly colored scarves, and Silesian miners in black uniforms and tall hats topped with black feathers. Farmers from Lowicz, 50 miles southwest of Warsaw, were dressed in their native costume: straw hats with blue ribbons, elaborately embroidered red jackets and black felt pants.

As the crowd caught sight of the Pope arriving in his bulletproof car, hundreds of thousands of hands shot into the air in a V-for-victory sign. Red-and-white banners bearing the words SOLIDARITY and GDANSK sprouted from the stands and above the crowd outside the stadium amid hundreds of national flags and papal banners. A delegation from the Ursus Tractor Factory, once a hotbed of union activity, made its presence known with a sign reading URSUS WORKERS GREET THE POPE WITH SOLIDARITY. Another poster proclaimed: GOD, HONOR, HOMELAND, WE PRAY FOR THE PRISONERS. Security guards spread throughout the stadium made no attempt to pull down the offending slogans. But officers in blue berets were armed with movie cameras, which they trained on the crowd in an attempt to record the faces of those who were holding illegal banners.

Clad in a golden chasuble and wearing his gold mitre, John Paul held a crucifix in his left hand as he spread his arms wide to offer his blessing to the multitude. The Pope stood beneath a 40-ft. white crucifix with the image of Christ in reverse relief, as if the body had been scooped out of the cross, and delivered a homily in which he called for national reconciliation through "mutual dialogue and agreement." The crowd broke into applause when he declared that "I, too, have lived deeply the whole experience of these years since August 1980." But the Pope urged his compatriots to seek a moral victory in which there would be only winners and no losers. Said John Paul: "A victory through effort and the cross, a victory achieved through defeats, is part of the Christian program of

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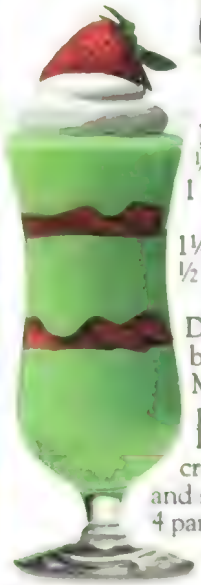
1 oz. Suntory Vodka
4 oz. Juice—orange, pineapple or grapefruit.
In tall glass with ice, add Midori and vodka. Fill with juice and stir.

Midori Margarita
1 oz. Midori
1½ oz. Tequila
1 oz. Sweet/Sour Mix
Blend and pour into salted glass.

Midori Cooler
1 oz. Midori
2 oz. Club Soda
Pour Midori into tall glass filled with ice. Add soda and stir. Garnish.

Midori Colada
2 oz. Midori
1 oz. Rum
6 oz. Piña Colada Mix
Mix in blender.

Midori Mimosa
2 oz. Midori
2 tsp. Lime Juice
1 Split Champagne
Mix and garnish.



Midori Parfait
½ Cup Midori
1 3-oz. pkg. Lime Gelatin
1¼ Cups Boiling Water
½ Cup Heavy Cream, Whipped
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add Midori. Chill until partially thickened. Fold in whipped cream. Layer pudding and sliced strawberries in 4 parfait glasses. Chill until firm, garnish.

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just slightly ahead of our time.

life and of the life of the nation likewise." Before him stood a row of priests in white albs, bearing 200,000 hosts that, when divided into four, would permit 800,000 people to receive communion.

Before leaving Warsaw, John Paul paid unannounced visits to monuments commemorating his homeland's tragic ordeal in World War II. Accompanied only by Glemp, Franciszek Cardinal Macharski of Cracow and Vatican Secretary of State Agostino Cardinal Casaroli, the Pope visited the grim confines of Pawiak Prison, an infamous Nazi death house that has been preserved as a monument to thousands of Poles who were tortured and executed there. In a small square in front of the prison entrance, he knelt in silent prayer before a mulberry tree bearing dozens of painted metal plaques with the names of Pawiak victims.

John Paul also visited the site of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising in 1943. The Pope stooped to lay a bouquet of red carnations at the base of the tall black granite and marble monument and paused to study the heroic figures in bas relief, representing the 69,000 Jews who held out against Nazi forces for three weeks. News of the Pope's unexpected arrival spread quickly. Poles rushed to the windows of drab prefabricated apartment blocks overlooking the monument and congregated in a park laid out after the war on the rubble of the ghetto.

The Pope traveled next to the monastery of Niepokalanow, 30 miles west of Warsaw, to pay tribute to Poland's newest saint: Father Maximilian Kolbe. While a prisoner in Auschwitz in 1941, Kolbe volunteered to die in the place of another Polish inmate who had a wife and children. He was canonized by John Paul in a solemn pontifical ceremony last October in the Vatican.

Despite drizzly skies, a crowd of almost half a million Poles waited patiently in an open field near the Franciscan monastery that Kolbe had founded. Most of them were peasants who had traveled from nearby farms, sometimes in horse-drawn carts, for a glimpse of John Paul. One banner held above the crowd bore the insignia of Rural Solidarity, the independent farmers' union that was organized in May 1981 and dissolved in October 1982. But there were also more traditional symbols of Polish patriotism, including an ensign emblazoned with a golden Polish eagle wearing a royal crown and brandishing a cross. The crowd roared enthusiastically when it caught sight of the white-and-blue helicopter carrying the Pope from Warsaw. He returned that feeling, joining with them as they sang a hymn.

During a Mass in memory of Kolbe, John Paul spoke of the plight of Poland's private farmers. He praised church-related agricultural groups that had once served as the nucleus of Rural Solidarity for striving "to restore to your work in the fields its own special dignity." Then John Paul counseled the crowd "to overcome

The Christian Way

In the dimly lit foyer, it is just possible to read the notices that hang on the wall amid posters of Pope John Paul II. One large hand-scrawled message contains a plea for men's shoes of all sizes. Another, more ominously, lists the political trials that are currently in progress. Inside the vestibule, a Franciscan nun in a brown habit tends an old-fashioned telephone switchboard. Off to the side, a room is piled high with boxes containing toothpaste, soap, powdered milk and other items.

The Franciscan convent at St. Martin's Church in Warsaw's Old Town has become an important symbol of the controversy between the Roman Catholic church and the Polish government. It serves as headquarters for the Primate's Committee for Relief to the Families of Those Deprived of Liberty, an organization that provides food, medical assistance and legal advice to those who have been imprisoned or detained by Poland's military government and to their families. In the regime's eyes, the St. Martin's relief committee, which is currently made up of about 170 volunteers, is a textbook case of defiance of the Communist government.

During the street riots that have broken out periodically since the imposition of martial law, the victims of police batons have often sought medical aid at St. Martin's. Members of the committee, however, found that the centuries-old rule that those standing on God's soil were immune from earthly powers was broken with cruel abruptness last month when two dozen young toughs burst into the

ANDRZEJ CYBULA

Mourners carry the coffin of a teen-ager who died of injuries received in a police beating

convent, smashed furniture, vandalized supplies, and savagely beat six committee members. From the minute the men came in, there was little doubt as to their identity: they were openly carrying police walkie-talkies. A few days later, militiamen picked up the teen-age son of a volunteer in another part of Warsaw and severely beat him. He died of his injuries.

The committee, which gives aid to some 300 families in the Warsaw area alone, was created only a few days after the imposition of martial law. St. Martin's has a longstanding tradition of involvement with political opposition; thus the Franciscan convent was a natural gathering place in the aftermath of the military crackdown. At first the committee had difficulty distributing its relief supplies because the thousands of people interned were each allowed to receive only two food packages a month. But church officials intervened, and soon St. Martin's was permitted to deliver additional essential supplies to the political prisoners as long as the packages were earmarked for general distribution. Early this year the Pope wrote a letter to Father Bronislaw Dembowski, the rector of St. Martin's, thanking his group for its efforts.

Committee workers, who include artists, writers, physicians and lawyers, come and go as their time permits. The Franciscan nuns provide the space, the electricity and a bowl of soup for those who put in a full day. Sometimes committee members take up collections, but most of the donations come from abroad, particularly West Germany, Belgium, France, Sweden and Japan. Sympathetic Americans contribute cash, which is used to buy medicine and vitamins.

Although the Polish government generally, if grudgingly, tolerates the committee, members are under no illusions about their status. They insist, however, on the church's right to undertake charitable activities, even under martial law. Says a volunteer: "It is a legal way of defying the authorities, and we want to show that we can deal in a Christian way with the people running this country."

evil with good." Said he: "It is the program of the gospel, a program that is difficult but possible, a program that cannot be dispensed with."

The Pope's next stop was Czestochowa, the spiritual highlight of his trip. But the thought of the Black Madonna's "tear-filled and sad" eyes said John Paul moved him to reflect again on Poland's recent troubled history. While a crowd of a million people listened from the open fields and woods below the Jasna Gora shrine, the Pope described the creation of Solidarity in August 1980 as a "testimony which amazed the whole world, when the Polish worker stood up for himself with the gospel in his hand and a prayer on his lips." The pictures coming out of Poland in those days, he said, had "touched hearts and consciences."

Later in the day, John Paul used the emotionally charged word solidarity for the first time. He was not referring directly to the banned trade union. Instead, he thanked his compatriots for their "solidarity" in aiding those "interned, imprisoned, dismissed from work." But the meaning was clear enough to the 750,000 young people who had gathered for a special Mass. They applauded loudly and waved red and white handkerchiefs. Speaking from a floodlit altar atop the huge stone ramparts of the monastery, the Pope told his youthful listeners to remember that the Virgin Mary understood "your sense of injustice and humiliation and the lack of prospects for the future." Then he issued a gentle but firm challenge to the state. "Man," he said, "cannot remain without a way out."

If the outspoken Pontiff put the Jaruzelski government through some anxious hours during his first days in Poland, more trouble lies ahead this week. On Monday the Pope visits Poznan and Katowice, an industrial city where steelworkers and coal miners put up stiff resistance to martial law. Then John Paul moves on to Wroclaw, scene of some of the most violent clashes between Solidarity demonstrators and riot police. His trip will end with a sentimental return to his home town of Cracow.

Western governments are reluctant to link a religious pilgrimage to East-West diplomacy, but the papal visit will doubtless prove a pivotal event in shaping the alliance's attitudes toward Poland. Support for the economic sanctions that were imposed after the military crackdown has been eroding slowly but inexorably. The West German government argues that trade restrictions have not influenced Jaruzelski's policies and that, if anything, they could further diminish what little leverage the West had. In Italy, business with Poland goes on as usual. Even U.S diplomats feel uneasy about the continuing deadlock and have quietly dropped

From windows, balconies and sidewalks, a weary nation welcomes its Pope with flowers, flags and crosses—but few smiles

their demand that Solidarity be restored. Said U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz earlier this month: "Everyone is watching the Pope's visit to see if it will have any sense of change that has a lasting component in it."

As Jaruzelski reminded John Paul at Belvedere Palace, the Polish government has been waiting for the right moment to end martial law, which was only suspended last December. Before the Pope's arrival, officials in Warsaw were hinting privately that July 22, Poland's National Day, could be a propitious time for such a gesture. They also held out the hope that on that day the government might declare a general amnesty and release some of the 200 people that it claims are still in detention for martial law violations. Ironically, last week's upsurge of support for the banned union may make it more difficult for Jaruzelski to ease the pressure on his countrymen.

The Soviet news agency TASS reported John Paul's pilgrimage without mentioning the Solidarity demonstrations, saying only that the visit was of a "religious character." But Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko stressed in a speech to the Supreme Soviet that his country was prepared to defend its "legitimate interests" in the region. "Poland," said Gromyko, "has been and will remain an indivisible part of the socialist community."

There have been signs in recent weeks that tolerance for Jaruzelski's peculiar mix of Communism and Polish nationalism may be wearing thin in Moscow. The Soviet weekly *New Times*, for example, took some uncomradely potshots at *Polityka*, a moderate Polish weekly that is thought to represent the views of some members of Jaruzelski's inner circle. The Moscow publication bluntly stated that *Polityka*, and by implication the Jaruzelski regime, had lost its bearings and seemed intent on making Poland "a land of pluralism."

That message has not been lost on the hard-liners in Poland's divided and demoralized Communist Party. Jaruzelski has rebuffed past challenges to his approach, but the embarrassing display of national defiance that seemed to follow in the Pope's wake could make it more difficult for him to convince his rivals in Poland's Politburo—and Moscow—that his policy of normalization is firmly on track.

The seeds that John Paul sowed in the hearts and minds of Poles as he traveled across his native land will take months to mature. But, just as when he first returned as Pope in 1979, it was clear that something undefinable but palpable had changed. Whether that was good news or bad was another question. The first trip produced the optimism and euphoria that led to the creation of Solidarity, but it would be difficult to dare hope this time that anything but more frustration, hardship and agony lay in store for the long-suffering Polish nation. ***—By John Kohan.***

Reported by Roland Flamini, John Moody and Thomas A. Sancton with the Pope

SOVIET UNION

A Demonstration of Unity

Andropov gets a new title, but doubts about his strength remain

Painfully, haltingly, the stooped figure moved across the dais of the vast, neoclassical chamber in the Great Kremlin Palace. As the 1,500 delegates of the Supreme Soviet rose to their feet to deliver a tumult of applause, Yuri Andropov's strained face stared ahead without a smile. Hurriedly, the leadership pushed through the session's most important item of business. After an effusive nominating speech by Konstantin Chernenko, Andropov's principal rival on the Politburo, the delegates voted unanimously to confer upon Andropov the ceremonial but authoritative post of President of the Soviet Union.

The vote came in the midst of a four-day meeting of Soviet leaders that seemed to consolidate Andropov's power after months of uncertainty. As President, General Secretary of the Communist Party and Chairman of the Defense Council, Andropov now holds the same three positions that his predecessor Leonid Brezhnev did. One difference is that it took Andropov seven months to get the three titles; Brezhnev needed 13 years. In nominating Andropov last week, Chernenko praised him as "an outstanding leader of the Leninist type."

For Soviet citizens, the biggest surprise was that Chernenko played such a prominent role. As a Brezhnev protégé, the silver-haired Chernenko, 71, was long considered a potential successor. But a few months after Andropov's designation as party leader, Chernenko dropped from public view, ostensibly to battle a bout of pneumonia. When he failed to appear for the traditional May Day lineup atop the Lenin Mausoleum, Moscow's active rumor mills began to speculate that he had lost another behind-the-scenes power struggle with Andropov. But once the more than 300 members of the powerful Central Committee had retreated to their semiannual closed-door meeting last week, the official Soviet agency TASS revealed the dramatic news that none other than Chernenko was delivering the keynote address.

Yuri Andropov addressing his colleagues

Chernenko making a rare appearance

Looking pale, Chernenko galvanized the conference with a candid appeal for reform in Soviet society. Inveighing against many ills, including trite propaganda, red tape, "sponging, bribe taking and money grubbing," he demanded a "new atmosphere of intolerance" ideologically to combat what he called a U.S.-sponsored program of "psychological warfare" against the Soviets.

The honor of delivering the central address indicated that Chernenko was, for now at least, in control of the important post of chief party ideologue. But by carefully echoing positions already taken by Andropov in recent months and deferentially praising his campaign to instill discipline in the work force, Chernenko also made it clear that he respected Andropov's pre-eminent position. The leadership, Chernenko insisted, was working "efficiently, concertedly." Remarked a Soviet official after hearing the speech: "I think our leaders were aware of the rumors of a power struggle and wanted to demonstrate unity."

Andropov moved to reinforce that impression in a carefully reasoned address to the Central Committee the following day. Admitting that Soviet society was still well short of "perfecting developed socialism," he called for reforms in production, including rewards for bold management. He urged "radical improve-

Facing the Nation

For viewers of the weekly Soviet TV show *International Panorama*, it was a rare spectacle. At the beginning of a program devoted to doctrinaire analysis of world affairs, the cool, youthful image of U.S. Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth Dam suddenly appeared. In a taped transmission from a reception room at the State Department, Dam responded to Correspondent Alexander Druzhinin's questions about arms control. Dam assured his Soviet audience that the U.S. was sincere in hoping to reach an agreement in the talks currently under way.

Just as unusual as Dam's uncensored six-minute presentation was the fact that the Soviets were then treated to an opposing view by another American. U.S. Rear Admiral (ret.) Gene La Rocque, a strong opponent of Administration policy, argued that the U.S. MX missile "is a very dangerous weapons system" and questioned the Administration's commitment to reaching an arms control agreement in Geneva. *International Panorama* Host Alexander Bovin left no doubt about the Kremlin's preferences. He promptly declared that "La Rocque has quite accurately defined the weak points in the American approach to the talks."

Kenneth Dam

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Gene La Rocque

Dam's appearance marked the first time that a Washington-based official had explained U.S. policies on Soviet television since former President Richard Nixon addressed the Soviet nation in 1974. It was a small victory for the Reagan Administration, which has become increasingly upset about the access that Soviet officials have to U.S. television. Last month, after *Pravda* rejected an article by U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Arthur Hartman, the State Department decided to apply direct pressure by denying the Soviet Central Committee's U.S. expert, Georgi Arbatov, permission to speak to the American press during a visit to the U.S. Said a senior State Department official after the *Panorama* show: "It's not the millennium, but it is a welcome event."

ment in planning" to eliminate the "unjustifiably thin spreading of resources." The proposals were all ideas that Andropov had floated when he first took office last November. By giving them the weight of official doctrine, Andropov increased his own prestige; he may thus stand a better chance of imposing reforms on the recalcitrant Soviet bureaucracy.

Andropov also issued a warning that the Soviets would not allow the balance of power to tilt in Washington's favor. But he sounded more conciliatory than on some previous occasions. "If it became possible to reduce the level of armaments and military spending on both sides," he said, and embark on disarmament, "this would be a great boon for all countries."

The Soviet leader was followed by Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who charged that the U.S. was pursuing "an obstructionist line" in talks on arms reductions in Geneva. The U.S., he said, thinks "not in terms of parity but in terms of superiority." But Gromyko also emphasized the importance of negotiations. U.S. officials interpret the tone of both speeches as yet another hint that the Soviets are keeping the door open in the talks on nuclear arms limitation. Last month Andropov had given that message to former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Averell Harriman, and last week Soviet television allowed Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth Dam to make a rare pitch for the U.S. view *(see box)*. Said a veteran U.S. diplomat who has been holding talks in Moscow on nuclear nonproliferation: "Once we find common ground, it's remarkably easy to talk."

Despite his elevation to the presidency last week, Andropov appears to be still moving cautiously. With the death of Arvid Pelshe last month, the Politburo was reduced to eleven members, compared with 14 only 17 months ago. Contrary to expectations, Andropov did not fill the vacancies. His reluctance to do so suggests that powerful factions may be trying to curb Andropov's power to pack the Politburo with men loyal to him. Says a Western diplomat: "He's not as strong as Brezhnev was. He didn't get his way, or the jobs would have been filled."

One reason Andropov may have wanted the title of President was to enhance his position as a national leader in the event of a summit meeting with Ronald Reagan. Yet abroad as well as at home, concern centers on Andropov's health. Earlier this month, during the visit of Finnish President Mauno Koivisto, a Western diplomat in Moscow reported that Andropov appeared like "a weak old man." On other occasions aides have had to help him walk up and down steps. U.S. officials now wonder if the Soviet leader could stand the physical strain of a summit with Reagan. As Andropov accumulates power, uncertainty is increasing over how well, and how long, he will be able to exercise it. *—By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow*

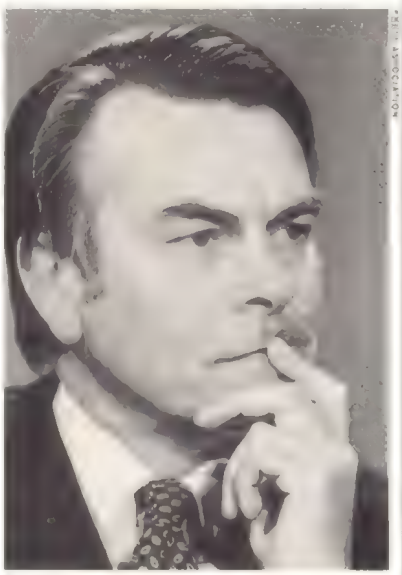
BRITAIN

After the Week That Was

As Thatcher tidies her Cabinet, the opposition regroups

Following a monthlong campaign whirl that ended with the thumping re-election of Margaret Thatcher, Britons could be forgiven last week for dearly wishing a respite from political news. It was not to be. Not only did the Prime Minister continue to tidy up her Cabinet, but a pair of opposition leaders, Laborite Michael Foot, 69, and the Social Democrat Roy Jenkins, 62, decided to call it quits. As members of the Liberal Party began grumbling about their alliance with the Social Democratic Party (S.D.P.), their popular chief, David Steel, hinted he might also bow out before the next election.

After leading Labor to its worst defeat since 1918, Foot was expected to announce at the party's convention this October that he would step down. But the hapless chieftain did not even have the privilege of announcing his own departure; instead, an overeager union official named Clive Jenkins made the news public after a chat with the party boss.



David Owen, newly selected S.D.P. leader
The losers decided to call it quits.

The statement sparked a race between moderates and leftists for control of the badly divided party. Deputy Leader Denis Healey, 65, by far the best known of the centrists and one of Britain's liveliest political figures, was deemed out of the race because of his age. Also benched was Tony Benn, 58, longtime archangel of Labor's radical left, who lost his seat in Parliament in the election. Last week's front runner was Neil Kinnock, 41, a staunch leftist whose Welsh charm has won him friends throughout the party and substantial support from the trade unions. On the moderate side, the leading contender was Roy Hattersley, 50, Home Secretary in Labor's outgoing shadow cabinet. Hattersley, unlike Kinnock, was at odds with Labor's controversial campaign manifesto, which called for unilateral disarmament and British withdrawal from the European Community. During the campaign, however, he kept his criticisms to himself and dutifully stumped for Foot.

Jenkins' decision surprised the Social Democrats. Formed by disaffected Laborites in 1981, the S.D.P. won only six seats in the election but in an alliance with the Liberals attracted 26% of the vote. Jenkins received poor reviews as a campaigner, while Deputy Leader David Owen, 44, who served as Foreign Secretary during the government of Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan, emerged as articulate and energetic. Jenkins could have stayed on, but he graciously stepped aside and allowed Owen to take charge.

That did not please Steel, who called Jenkins' swift decision "quite, quite daft." From the outset, Steel, 45, said that he would happily defer to Jenkins as the Alliance's elder statesman. Suddenly, he found himself threatened by a young politician as ambitious and well spoken as himself. Since the Liberals won more seats (17) than the S.D.P., Steel's M.P.s are already pressing for a larger say in Alliance affairs.

Meanwhile, Thatcher finished a Cabinet reshuffle she had begun immediately after the election, when she forced out Francis Pym as Foreign Secretary and eased Deputy Prime Minister William Whitelaw over to the House of Lords. All told, she made more than 60 changes in her government, including twelve in her 21-member Cabinet. Thatcher assured the wary that the ideological balance had not shifted to the right, but the new government certainly bore her stamp. Pym and Whitelaw, for example, were replaced by Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Geoffrey Howe and his deputy Leon Brittan, both devoted Thatcherites. Nigel Lawson, who proved abrasive but loyal as Secretary of Energy, took over at Treasury.

Thatcher's only sour moment came on Wednesday, when the new Parliament elected a Speaker of the House. The Prime Minister had privately made it known she wanted the post to go to Humphrey Atkins, an old friend who had resigned as Deputy Foreign Secretary last year. It was equally clear that she did not favor Deputy Speaker Bernard Weatherill. The M.P.s, incensed that the Prime Minister was meddling in a decision that was theirs alone, chose Weatherill. Thatcher, however, had scant time to mull over the slight: she turned to preparing the Queen's speech, which will outline her new legislative program and be delivered this week. Britons will not get their respite from politics for some time. ■

ITALY

One More Time

Slouching toward an election

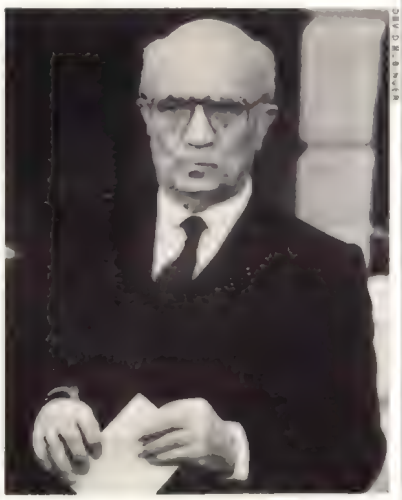
With waving banners and honking horns, the cavalcade wound joyously through the historic center of Rome, past the Forum, around the Colosseum and into the Via Veneto. Along the route, scores of posters exhorted voters in national elections scheduled for June 26 and 27. A political rally? An outpouring of popular support for Premier Amintore Fanfani? Not exactly. The enthusiastic Romans were celebrating the return last week of Lazio, the area soccer team, to the first division. The elections drew yawns from the Lazio fans and from most of their countrymen as well.

Since World War II, Italy has had just eight national elections but 43 different governments, so many that they are now referred to in shorthand, with the name of the Prime Minister and Roman numerals: De Gasperi VIII, Moro III and, most recently, Fanfani V. Italy has a system in which the exercise of normal executive power regularly unravels coalitions, but in which each new government is a virtual clone of the last. "Most campaigns have issues," says Paolo Garimberti of the Turin-based daily *La Stampa*. "Here we have no issues at all. It's not a question of changing the government. It's not a question of changing the Prime Minister, because it's quite likely that the Christian Democrats will have the Prime Minister again."

In most other European countries, the NATO decision to station cruise missiles on the country's soil would be hotly debated by voters. The miserable state of the national economy would topple governments elsewhere. (Public debt amounts to about $4,000 for every Italian citizen; inflation is running in excess of 16% annually.) Issues exist, but they are not presented as matters to be commented on by the electorate.

The elections are expected to shift voting patterns only slightly. The Christian Democrats have acquired a prestigious first-time candidate in Guido Carli, 69, who headed the powerful Bank of Italy for 16 years. His party will most likely command close to its traditional 38% of the vote. The Communists, under Enrico Berlinguer, have steadily been losing ground since reaching their high of 34.4% of the vote in 1976. Some polls predict 27% or 28% in next week's count. Socialist Leader Bettino Craxi, who forced the elections by bailing out of the last coalition government, had hoped to engineer major Socialist gains (perhaps 15% of the vote, compared with 9.8% in 1979), but the tactic backfired. Party strategists now say they will be relieved to get 12%.

In an apparent effort to win back lost favor, Craxi last week proposed that the Socialists and Christian Democrats agree on "a three-year government" to bring some stability to the political process. Other parties, he added, would be welcome to join. His opponents immediately wondered aloud why stability was suddenly so important to the Socialist leader, but others supported the idea. A three-year pact, wrote the right-of-center *Il Giornale*, "would permit an exit from the vagueness of electoral rhetoric, to confront the programs and delineate the things to be done." A three-year government would also set a postwar record. ■



Italian Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani

A three-year government would set a record.

CHINA

High Dudgeon

Flight 801 sparks a row

Right on the button, at 8:20 p.m., the huge Lockheed L1011 jetliner swept out of the evening darkness and touched down at the Chiang Kai-shek International Airport near Taipei. Flight 801 from Tokyo was the first plane bearing the blue and white colors of Pan American World Airways to land in Taiwan since 1978; less than 24 hours after its 113 passengers had disembarked last Wednesday, it was at the center of a diplomatic row between the U.S. and China. In Peking, China's Assistant Foreign Minister summoned the U.S. chargé d'affaires and delivered a formal note of protest. Minutes later, the U.S. economic affairs counsellor was handed an official letter from the Civil Aviation Administration of China (CAAC) detailing retaliatory measures that would be taken against Pan Am, the only U.S. airline with regular flights to Peking.

China's objections to Pan Am's planned three flights a week to Taiwan are based on claims that the island remains a part of the mainland. Peking argues that any direct dealings with Taipei by the U.S., whether business, political or military, amount to infringement of China's national sovereignty.

COURTESY PAN AM

Pan Am jetliner The China Clipper

The Taiwan route could be profitable.

On that basis, the note maintained that Washington's authorization of the renewed flights "ignored China's sovereignty [and] hurt the national feeling of the Chinese people." The note added that Pan Am had "gone back on its commitment [to halt Taiwan flights five years ago] and resumed its service without the consent of the Chinese side." Accordingly, the CAAC demanded consultations with the U.S. "at the earliest possible date" to select a new U.S. carrier without Taiwan connections for the China run. At the same time, the CAAC letter took more direct action, terminating Pan Am's access to an air corridor from the Burma border across southern China to Hong Kong and rescinding the airline's emergency landing right at the Canton airport as an alternative to Hong Kong.

The penalties signaled a tough new approach by Peking to the whole matter of U.S. commercial links to Taiwan, but they were not as harsh as some U.S. diplomats had expected. Pan Am has never used the Burma air route, and the loss of Canton for emergency landings is not as dangerous as it sounds, since planes flying into the area always carry enough excess fuel to divert to another city if Hong Kong airport is closed. Significantly, Peking stopped short of terminating the 1980 Sino-U.S. aviation pact and unilaterally banning Pan Am from the mainland, a move that would have virtually forced retaliation against CAAC flights to the U.S.

In Washington, U.S. officials said that they were "disappointed" by the Chinese move, but they noted that the Government lacked the legal authority to force a U.S. carrier to cease operating a route unless it has broken U.S. law. For now, Pan Am plans to continue flights to both Peking and Taipei. The airline, however, may not be so unhappy if it is eventually barred from China; insiders say that Pan Am has in fact been losing money on its China service. By contrast, the Taiwan route is reckoned to be highly profitable. ■

DIPLOMACY

Whispering Sweet Nothings

Australia's Prime Minister makes a friend in the White House

The scene is familiar. Ronald Reagan and a visiting foreign dignitary step before cameras and microphones on the White House lawn and try to look as if, despite the policy differences separating their countries, the two have really become fast friends. Only this time, by all accounts, the feeling was genuine. "The President and Prime Minister hit it off," said a senior Administration official after Australia's Labor Prime Minister Bob Hawke emerged from a two-hour chat with Reagan last week. The personal rapport was evident when the two men appeared together afterward. Said Reagan: "We had a productive session and, more importantly, we've had a chance to put our relationship on a personal basis. We have much in common." Indeed, the meeting was so successful that Hawke felt compelled to reassure Australians that he had not become a Reaganite. Said Hawke: "Just because you saw me on the front page whispering sweet nothings in Ronald's ear, you shouldn't assume that means an identity of view on all things."

Hawke and Reagan found themselves on common ground from the outset. Both, for instance, spoke warmly of their days as union leaders. The Prime Minister, who headed the Australian Council of Trade Unions for ten years, and the President, onetime chief of the U.S. Screen Actors Guild, agreed that one of their biggest union problems had been opposition from obstreperous left-wing members. More substantively, Hawke assured Reagan, along with Secretary of State George Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, that he did not consider himself bound by the rigid foreign policy planks favored by the left wing of his Labor Party. Those planks call for, among other policies, an end to Australia's military aid to Indonesia and resumption of aid to Viet Nam. Indeed, Hawke's main purpose in coming to Washington was clearly to reaffirm the close political and security links that have governed relations between the U.S. and Australia for decades. He also wanted to impress upon Reagan the extent to which Australia's recovery from its worst economic crisis since the Great Depression depends on U.S. economic policy. He apparently succeeded. Said a U.S. business leader: "He's deft, tough and a man of considerable substance. He's a man you can do business with."

Hawke's ten-day stopover in North America came near the end of a 25,000-mile, 19-day world tour that took him to Port Moresby, Jakarta, London, Paris and Geneva before he arrived in Washington. On the final leg of the trip, Hawke strongly reiterated Australia's commitment to the 1951 Australia–New Zealand–United States (ANZUS) Security Treaty for the defense of the Pacific. He pledged that there is no country that the U.S. "will be able to rely on more than Australia." In a speech before Washington's National Press Club, Hawke added: "Australia is not and cannot be a nonaligned nation. We are neutral neither in thought nor action. We are linked with the U.S. by a whole range of common interests, attitudes, aspirations, institutions and perceptions."

At a breakfast with TIME editors in New York City, Hawke noted that it was a Labor government during World War II that moved away from Australia's historic tie to Britain toward a closer U.S.-Australia relationship. He added: "I did say [to Reagan], and I repeat it, that that relationship would not be one of sycophancy or unquestioning acceptance of every decision of the United States." When Australia disagrees with the U.S., he promised, "we won't be slow to tell you."

Hawke and Reagan share a light moment

As union leaders, opposed by left-wingers.

Hawke offered Reagan his government's services to help improve deteriorating relations between the U.S. and mainland China. At the TIME breakfast, he recalled his meeting in April with Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang: "We were surprised at the depth of feeling ... over what the Chinese perceive to be a deterioration between the U.S. and the People's Republic of China. What concerned them most was the question of the transfer of technology from the U.S. to China. They objected very deeply to being put in the same category as the Soviets and the Communist bloc countries." Hawke said he told Reagan that China believes it should be considered a "friendly, nonaligned country."

Hawke's economic message to the U.S. was less reassuring. With an inflation rate in Australia of 11.5%, unemployment at more than 10% and a $8.2 billion budget deficit inherited from the previous government, the Prime Minister warned repeatedly that any Australian economic recovery is largely dependent on moderate U.S. interest rates, unfettered trade and continued American investment in Australia.

Before a gathering of the Foreign Policy Association at New York's Plaza Hotel, Hawke warned that any slackening of trade in the region, including the adoption of protectionist measures aimed at the Japanese, could indirectly slow Australia's economic recovery. He also made a plea for continued American investment in Australian industry (which has totaled $6 billion over the past five years). "We look forward to trade with and investment from the United States playing an important role in [our] recovery," said Hawke. "Ours is a relationship which goes far beyond the defense, strategic and security concerns. Trade and investment form a significant part of the total relationship."

Back home, Hawke's foreign travels, and his encounter with President Reagan, met with mixed reviews. Sniffed the conservative *Australian Financial Review*: "Many Australians will dismiss Mr. Hawke's jawboning with Mr. Reagan as a mere B-grade movie publicity stunt." Predictably, Labor Party left-wingers were furious with the Prime Minister for playing fast and loose with what they consider key elements of the party's foreign policy. Labor M.P. Ken Fry blasted Hawke's repudiation of party policy on Indonesia, among other things, accusing him of "sacrificing principle for expediency."

On balance, the Prime Minister of three months earned considerable political capital from his world travels. "Mr. Hawke . . . seems to have developed a real rapport with President Reagan and his colleagues which should service Australia well," gushed the *Australian*. Taking a somewhat longer view, the Melbourne *Age* editorialized: "When Mr. Hawke's warm memory of his days in Washington begins to fade under the pressures at home, he can at least take some comfort from the fact that the cozy pictures with President Reagan will not have done him any harm in terms of Australian politics." Hawke's domestic political honeymoon is almost certainly ending. But his world trip allowed him to demonstrate a confidence, intelligence and friendly manner that consistently impressed foreign leaders—and should come in handy in the political rough-and-tumble ahead. —*By Russ Hoyle. Reported by John Dunn/Melbourne and Ross H. Munro/Washington*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81

Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.
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100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Students in Santiago beat a drum to voice growing discontent over Pinochet's regime

CHILE

Test of Wills

Unions launch a bitter protest

An acrid haze drifted through the streets of the Chilean capital of Santiago last week as student demonstrators burned makeshift barricades and fought pitched battles with the national police. Along the bustling commercial street of Calle Providencia, middle-class women darkened their apartments and stood on their balconies at 8 p.m. to stage a one-hour *cacerolazo*, a rhythmic thumping of pots and pans. On the street below, motorists blew their horns and demonstrators hurled orange crates into a gigantic traffic jam that extended for some 20 blocks. The police, outnumbered, retaliated with tear gas, water cannons and dogs.

Similar scenes occurred throughout Chile last Tuesday, when a peaceful "Day of Protest" suddenly turned ugly. Tens of thousands of people took to the streets to express their unhappiness with the military regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. The government cracked down amid scenes of violence that were the worst in almost ten years. When it was over, three people were dead, including a 14-year-old boy, hundreds were injured, and more than 1,300 had been arrested in ten cities.

CARRION—SYGMA

Rodolfo Seguel

The protest was not the first of its kind. In May, Chileans engaged in similar demonstrations that left two dead and 150 injured. But last week's outbreak was far bigger and confirmed a growing, broad-based impatience with Pinochet. The demonstrators demanded an end to Chile's worsening economic crisis: inflation is running at about 35%, unemployment is at 21.9%, and real income has dropped 27% in the past two years. More significantly, the protesters also demanded an end to Chile's five-year-old state of emergency and a speedy return to democracy.

Spearheaded by the activist 23,000-member Copper Workers Confederation, Chile's largest union, the protest movement has attracted support from a broad range of Chilean opinion: labor leaders, conservative and leftist politicians, business leaders and farmers. Its leading figure is Rodolfo Seguel, a 29-year-old cashier at a grimy mining center, who rose from obscurity five months ago to become the chief of the Copper Workers Confederation and is sometimes called the Chilean Lech Walesa. Said he: "We are pacifist in attitude and active in behavior. If they hit us with clubs, we will endure. We will speak with them only of a serious return to democracy. Of myself, there is nothing special. I am committed to my roots, representing nothing else."

Pinochet denounced the demonstrations as a Communist plot and vowed not to tolerate further opposition. "We will send the politicians back to their caves," he declared. "If it is necessary to harden the government, I'm going to harden it, push by push." The first push came the day after the demonstrations, when police arrested Seguel, who was taken from a friend's home and jailed for jeopardizing national security. Copper workers staged strikes at week's end to protest Seguel's arrest, halting production at three major mines. In an unusual television appearance, Pinochet adopted a somewhat more conciliatory tone but pledged to keep a tight grip on political activity.

Opposition leaders have vowed to continue their protests until Pinochet yields to their demands, something the general has shown no signs of doing. The contest of wills in Chile is far from over. ■

GUATEMALA

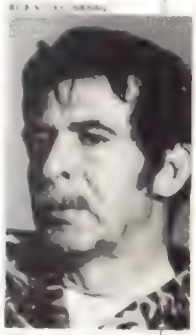
Blunt Messages

The opposition grows louder

In the 15 months since General Efraín Ríos Montt seized power in Guatemala, the born-again Protestant has sharply reduced a serious guerrilla threat, attacked corruption and cut down on the activities of death squads. In an effort to win popular support for his policies, he even established a series of Sunday-night TV sermons. Nonetheless, a number of his countrymen, led in part by the local hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, are tiring of Ríos Montt's oldtime religion. Earlier this month, according to some reports from Guatemala, 14 young army officers walked into the general's office in the ornate National Palace and politely asked him to resign. The story has not been confirmed, but it is known that on the morning in question, the palace was hurriedly closed down for a "security exercise" while loyal army troops replaced the palace guard.

Ríos Montt has survived other challenges to his authority since the March 1982 coup that put him in the presidential palace. Leading the chorus of protest is the powerful Roman Catholic Guatemalan Bishops' Conference, which last month issued a pastoral letter condemning the government's human rights record, including its use of military tribunals that order secret executions of suspected terrorists. "Massacres still continue," the bishops charged. "There are frequently cases of missing people. It is only right to condemn unacceptable abuses of power from some authorities."

The bishops' letter was quickly followed by criticism from other quarters. In a peculiar but highly publicized campaign, an obscure army general, José Echeverría Vielman, bought time on television to appeal to the President to separate the army from all government activities and to call National Assembly elections immediately. Shortly after that, Secretary-General Mario Castejón of the National Renovation Party accused Ríos Montt of using his influence to help his church, the California-based Christian Church of the Word.



Ríos Montt

Ríos Montt, who only a few months ago enjoyed support for ending the repressive regime of his predecessor and for quelling guerrillas in the Guatemalan countryside, responded to the latest criticism by forcing Echeverría into retirement and ordering the arrest of Castejón and two other political foes on charges of "injuring the presidency." ■

Israeli troops on patrol in southern Lebanon

MIDDLE EAST

Costly War (I)

Israel counts its dead

When the American folk group Peter, Paul and Mary sang the 1960s anti-war classic, *Blowin' in the Wind*, at a concert in Jerusalem last week, the audience reacted with emotion. A crescendo of applause welled up as the trio reached the lines, "How many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people have died?" Mary Travers later said that she had been so choked up by the response she could hardly continue singing.

It was only one sign of the way many Israelis felt as the death toll from last year's war in Lebanon and the subsequent occupation reached 500. Protesters continued a seven-week vigil outside the residence of Prime Minister Menachem Begin. The opposition Labor Party called for an official inquiry into the Begin government's handling of the war. It was joined, ironically, by former Defense Minister (and now Minister Without Portfolio) Ariel Sharon, who is said to have told the Cabinet, "I'm not prepared to wear the mark of Cain or have people wave 'murderer' placards at me. I'm not prepared to take all the blame." The Knesset voted against setting up another commission of inquiry, but the protests continued.

The Begin government's dilemma is that it does not know what to do about the occupation. Last week, amid a series of scattered bombings and mortar attacks, several more Israelis were wounded in Lebanon. A group called the Lebanese National Resistance Front, whose members reportedly range from far left to extreme right, claimed responsibility for the incidents. The Israeli armed forces acknowledged that the attacks were not made by Palestinians or Syrians but by Lebanese, though the Front undoubtedly receives some support from the Palestine Liberation Organization.

To reduce casualties, the Israelis could stage a unilateral withdrawal to more defensible positions in the south. Such a tactic would probably lead to the partition of Lebanon, with Israel occupying the south and the Syrians remaining embedded in parts of the north and east. The Begin government may eventually take that step, but for the moment it is fighting off all opposition efforts to bring about a partial withdrawal, arguing that this could only make the Syrians more intransigent. Says Defense Minister Moshe Arens: "If the Syrians reach the conclusion that Israel may withdraw unilaterally, then they will certainly not leave Lebanon."

Early in the week the Lebanese Parliament voted 65 to 2, with four abstentions, to endorse the Lebanese-Israeli withdrawal agreement. Many members made the point that Lebanon had no alternative but to accept the agreement if it wished to get Israeli troops out of the country. Nonetheless, the vote drew sharp rebukes from Syria. Damascus Radio declared that Lebanese deputies who voted for the agreement had "sold their country to the devil." Perhaps coincidentally, shooting subsequently broke out in the northern port city of Tripoli in a renewal of fighting between Sunni Muslims and Syrian-backed Alawite Muslims.

One of the problems in dealing with the Syrians on the withdrawal issue is that they have been giving mixed diplomatic signals for some time. Syrian President Hafez Assad has consistently denounced the Lebanese-Israeli agreement, but at the same time he has hinted to Washington that he would welcome talks with U.S. negotiators, though not with U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib. He would probably like to meet directly with Secretary of State George Shultz, who believes that preliminary discussions should be conducted by lower-ranking officials. Some U.S. experts on the Middle East feel that if the Syrians are really ready to talk now, Shultz should move quickly to take advantage of the opportunity.

The Reagan Administration was saying little about the Middle East at the moment. Ostensibly, the U.S. was waiting for Arab moderates, notably Saudi Arabia, to exert influence on Syria to accept the withdrawal agreement. In truth, it looked as if U.S. policy was slowly shifting into an election-year mode. With the withdrawal agreement between Israel and Lebanon a reality at last, the Reagan Administration accented the recent improvement in U.S.-Israeli relations by inviting Begin to make his long delayed visit to Washington. ■

Costly War (II)

Iraq counts its debt

As the Iran-Iraq war approaches its third anniversary, the government of the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini still hopes to overthrow the regime of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, who began the conflict by invading Iran. But since the fighting shifted to Iraqi territory last summer, the war has essentially remained in stalemate, characterized by fierce and bloody battles followed by long periods of inactivity. Now, however, there are reports in the Arab world that the Saddam Hussein government is hurting badly, not so much from the Iranian offensive as from the punishing cost of the war.

According to diplomats in Beirut, Iraq owes at least $5 billion to the governments of France, Yugoslavia, South Korea and Rumania for arms purchases and construction projects, and hundreds of millions more to banks and private companies in Western Europe. Iraq has also refused to pay bills due to companies in such gulf states as Qatar and the United Arab Emirates on the ground that the governments of those countries have not honored their pledges to help Iraq's war effort.

Some of the disputes have been settled. South Korea's Hyundai Engineering and Construction Co. reportedly reached an agreement in which, in exchange for prompt payments, it sent 2,000 Korean workers back to Iraq. But the Iraqis have not yet convinced the Philippine government that its citizens, who work in Iraq in a variety of service jobs, should receive 40% of their pay in local currency and the balance in bonds that could be redeemed in hard currency after two years. Nor have foreign businessmen been able to find their own financing for projects that Iraq no longer backs.

In an effort to hold down costs, Iraq has banned the import of most luxury goods, including cars, watches, TV sets and even clothing. The staffs of Iraq's embassies overseas have been cut by at least 30%. According to reports heard in Beirut, the Iraqis have sold much of their $4 billion in gold reserves in the past six months. But none of these measures, however drastic, would be sufficient to underwrite a war that is costing Iraq $1.5 billion a month.

Saddam Hussein

There is speculation that if the economic crunch continues, Iraq's military leaders and party officials might band together and ask Saddam Hussein to resign. But it is also possible that the prospect of an Iraqi collapse would so worry Saudi Arabia and the other gulf states that they would substantially intensify their efforts to keep Saddam Hussein afloat. ■

Surrounded by their button-bearing fans in Manhattan last week: Miguel, Ricky, Ray, Johnny and Charlie

A Puerto Rican Pop Music Machine

For Menudo, perpetual youth and pots of gold

It has been nearly 20 years since the four Brits landed in the U.S. and tumbled helter-skelter into a Manhattan hotel suite, high above police barricades where hundreds of girls were squealing their way into Beatlemania. Pubescent girls, New York City saw last week, are still crazy after all these years: on streets around a midtown hotel, dozens of cops oversaw hundreds of squealing, hysterical teens who were simply dying for a glimpse of the dreamboat singers upstairs. The 80,000 tickets for the group's four concerts last weekend at Madison Square Garden were sold out three days after they went on sale.

Beatles redux? Hardly. Menudo, the objects of all that adolescent yearning, are well-behaved *puertorriqueños* who sing in their native Spanish and play no instruments. The hundreds of thousands of U.S. fans typically are Hispanic junior high schoolers, like the heartthrobs themselves: five Puerto Rican boys, ages 13 to 15. And *menudo*, which means "small change" in Spanish, is not really a band or even, to use the '60s phrase, a combo. It is a clever marketing idea: the boys are mere employees of a promoter who replaces each one before he turns 16. "Menudo is a formula, and we must take care not to break it," says Edgardo Díaz, 31, Menudo's inventor and honcho, who manages to seem both cynical and ingenuous. "If we play it cool, I know, I *feel*, that Menudo will be successful around the world."

Around this hemisphere, it already is. Díaz trotted out the original group in 1977. Their music is the blandest kind of pop, without even a dash of Latin bounce. Yet by 1980 Menudo was performing its custom-concocted songs ("Give me a kiss/ Now we are alone/ Nobody can see us") and primitive choreography throughout Central and South America.

The product flow is no less staggering than the live tours: two Menudo movies (which only a mother or a fan could love), ten record albums (total sales: 3 million) and four years of weekly half-hour TV programs. Remember Monkees lunch boxes? A Menudo school bag sells for $16. Menudo, in fact, may be the Strawberry Shortcake of Latin American product licensing. There are Menudo T shirts and sun visors, wristwatches and jeans.

Díaz is devising an ambitious American campaign. As many as 20 million Hispanics live in the U.S., and perhaps 1 million are females between ten and 15. The audience is concentrated in New York, South Florida, Texas and Southern California, which makes marketing Menudo easier.

The group has already sold 750,000 LPs in the U.S., although Díaz has yet to strike a deal with a domestic record company. The sound-track album of their second film, *Una Aventura Llamada Menudo* (An Adventure Called Menudo), was a bestseller all spring (No. 1 in New York and California) on Latin record charts. In the fall comes their first serious "crossover" attempt: *Menudo on ABC*, a series of four-minute spots in English as well as Spanish, will be aired by the network Saturday mornings.

Menudo's encampment in New York last week was well timed. They arrived within 24 hours of the huge Puerto Rican Day parade down Fifth Avenue and so rode the crest of local ethnic pride. Indeed, many Hispanic American parents encourage their daughters' enthusiasm for a pop group that sings in the mother tongue. And the lads are *nice*. Onstage, in tight pants and glitzy tunics, the five do attempt a few sexy gyrations, but their lyrics tend to be wholesome odes to wind surfing, pretty hair, love of country and respect for elders.

Liza Lopez, 16, is president of the 225-member City Girls Rockin' with Menudo fan club chapter in New York. Hers is one of several dozen groups in the city and 700 in the world. "They send you rules for a fan club," Lopez says. "You must visit hospitals and churches. There must be no gossip or fighting among the girls."

That is Díaz's message. He chaperones the boys everywhere. "From our example," he notes, "kids see that if you work hard you can get what you desire." Menudo's members, mostly sons of the middle class, do seem to work hard, and they get a lot. "I'll give you an idea of what they make," says Díaz. "One kid paid $60,000 in income taxes this year."

Ricky Meléndez is the boss's cousin and the only original member of the group remaining. He is also just five months short of 16, and so by contract his Menudo days are numbered. "When their voices change, that changes the sound of the music and that changes everything," explains Díaz. Six earlier members have been sloughed off, and two of the current personnel, Johnny Lozada (a member since 1980) and Miguel Cancel (1981), won't be around much longer. The others are Charlie Rivera, who turned 14 last Monday, and Ray Reyes, 13, who just this year was transformed from a Menudo fan into the real thing.

Curiously, a lot of fans like all the coming and going. Tony Torres, at 19 pretty much over the hill himself, is president of a large fan club in New York. "Some groups get tired and burned out." But with Menudo, he says, "Each time a new guy comes in, it's like a new group." Menudo, the disposable pop group, stays forever young. —***By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Janice C. Simpson/New York***

People

The Beach Boys receiving good vibrations from a couple of fellow Californians

Interior Secretary **James Watt** might have considered his boss's background before declaring that he did not want the **Beach Boys** to play at Washington's annual July 4 celebration. Watt's reason: they attracted an "undesirable element." The gaffe earned Watt a rebuke from **President Reagan,** 72, who, along with **Nancy Reagan,** 61, warmly welcomed the group to the White House last week for a charity concert. "If you did not believe that our whole family have been fans of yours for a long time," said Reagan, "just look at Nancy." The group looked as the First Lady glowed with delight through their rendition of an old presidential favorite, *California Girls.*

Back in the 1950s when the Chicago Cubs weren't much, Infielder **Ernie Banks** was something else. By all accounts "the greatest Cub ever," Banks retired in 1971, but the future Hall of Famer's association with the club went into extra innings. He worked first as a coach and then part time in the promotional department. But times have changed, and so have the Cubs. (For one thing, they are now legitimate contenders in the National League East.) Last week the team announced that it had let "Mr Cub" go. "I had missed some engagements," says he. "They say they had to make budget cuts." Still, says Banks, 52, who will now be concentrating on his career in insurance: "I feel I'll always be a Cub. I'd be happiest if I could stay with them for another 30 years."

■

In bringing yet another Agatha Christie whodunit to the screen, the brains behind *Sparkling Cyanide,* a CBS-TV movie due to air next season, have left an even greater mystery untold. In a dubious creative move, the film's producers have changed the time of the original story from the 1930s to the present and shifted the locale from London to a lake near Pasadena, Calif. On the bright side is the casting of Perennial Ingénue **Deborah Raffin,** 30, as a potential victim. Clearer heads also prevailed with the hiring of a real Englishman, **Anthony Andrews,** 35, the Teddy bear–toting Sebastian of *Brideshead Revisited.* Andrews should have little trouble adding some stiff upper lip to the proceedings.

Raffin in *Sparkling Cyanide*

In a refreshing style that could only be described as all his own, **Paul Kehayias,** 65, directed his swan song with the Boston Pops last week. Kehayias, who will retire in July after 40 years as the Boston Symphony's chauffeur, was treated to a turn in the orchestral driver's seat by B.S.O. Director **Seiji Ozawa,** 49, and Pops Conductor **John Williams,** 51. The two had chipped in $2,500 to purchase the opportunity, which was one of the novelty offerings up for sale at the organization's annual fund-raising auction. After the guest conductor accepted a few preliminary pointers from Williams, he strode confidently to the podium and put the Pops through a high-velocity performance of *Stars and Stripes Forever.*

—By E. Graydon Carter

Williams giving Kehayias a tip before he faced the Boston Pops

Banks in uniform during one of his last visits to the Cubs dugout

Europe: Some Smoother Seas

TIME's *board sees growth up and inflation down but frets about the jobless*

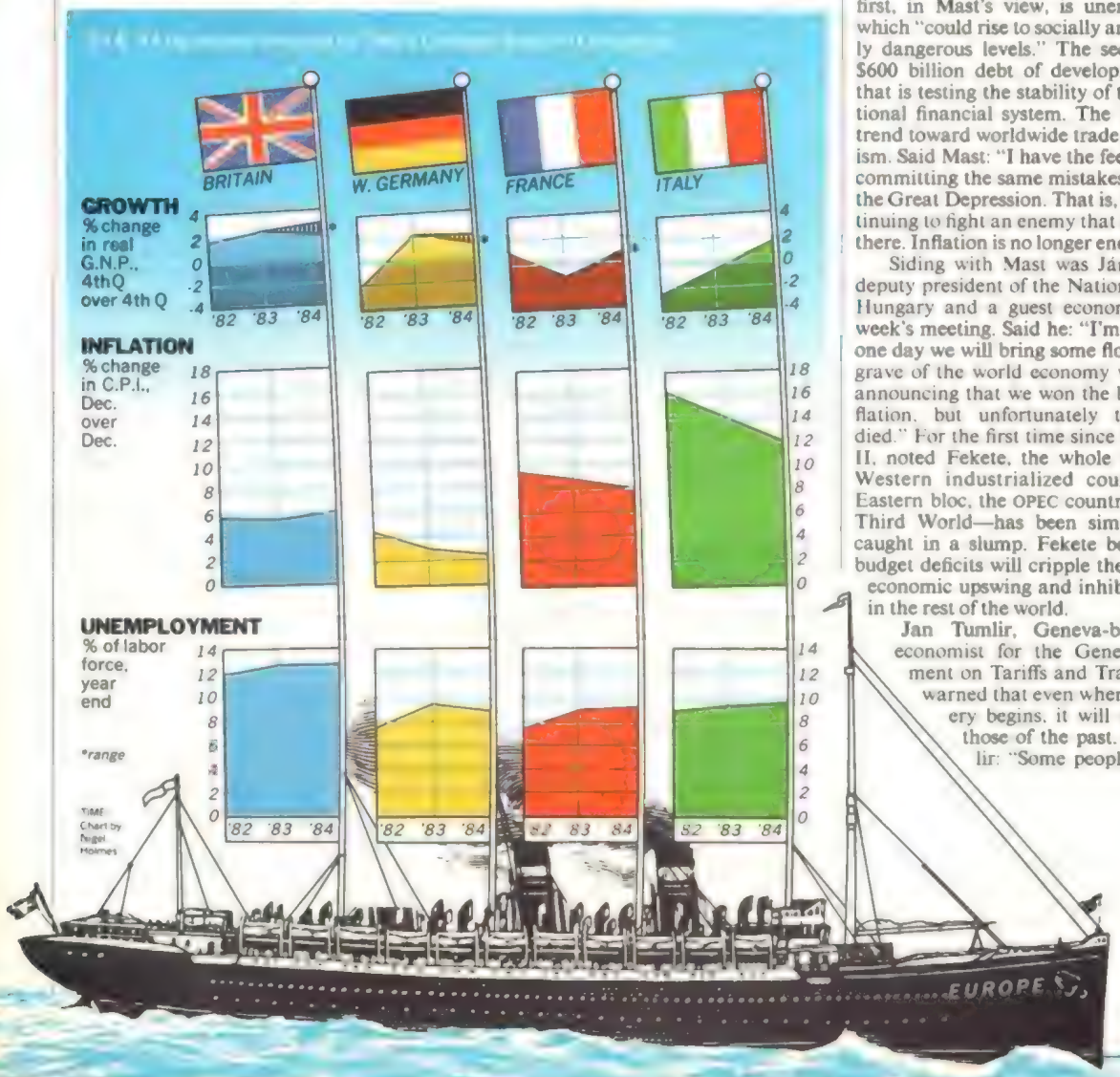
After some hesitation, the signs of economic recovery that are now so evident in the U.S. have finally reached the countries of Western Europe. Buoyant American optimism about the strength of the recovery, however, has so far failed to make the transatlantic crossing. Meeting in Vienna last week, the TIME European Board of Economists showed a caution bordering on skepticism about early evidence that the three-year-long grueling recession was at last over. The board's forecast for the nine major European countries* predicted recovery, but it was hardly cheery: growth will be only 1.5% this year and 2.5% in 1984; inflation will recede from an average of 9.7% last year to 7.5% this year and next. On the debit side, the board agreed that unemployment, which now stands at 10.7% of the work force or approximately 12 million people in the European Community, will hardly decline during the next year.

*West Germany, France, Italy, Britain, Belgium, The Netherlands, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland

Hans Mast, a University of Zurich lecturer and executive vice president of Crédit Suisse, feared that persistently high interest rates could even abort the incipient European recovery. Warned Mast, who attributed the high rates, at least in part, to lingering worries about a resurgence of inflation in the U.S. and to the Federal Reserve Board's tight-money policy: "The prospects as seen from Switzerland are very chilling indeed. The three major short-term economic problems of our time have not been resolved." The first, in Mast's view, is unemployment, which "could rise to socially and politically dangerous levels." The second is the $600 billion debt of developing nations that is testing the stability of the international financial system. The third is the trend toward worldwide trade protectionism. Said Mast: "I have the feeling we are committing the same mistakes that led to the Great Depression. That is, we are continuing to fight an enemy that is no longer there. Inflation is no longer enemy No. 1."

Siding with Mast was János Fekete, deputy president of the National Bank of Hungary and a guest economist at last week's meeting. Said he: "I'm afraid that one day we will bring some flowers to the grave of the world economy with a note announcing that we won the battle of inflation, but unfortunately the patient died." For the first time since World War II, noted Fekete, the whole world—the Western industrialized countries, the Eastern bloc, the OPEC countries and the Third World—has been simultaneously caught in a slump. Fekete believes that budget deficits will cripple the American economic upswing and inhibit recovery in the rest of the world.

Jan Tumlir, Geneva-based chief economist for the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), warned that even when the recovery begins, it will not be like those of the past. Said Tumlir: "Some people talk as if



this recovery were going to save us all or that we are returning to the 1960s, when straight-line, fairly steep growth paths seemed to be stretching from here to eternity. But this expansion is really just a cyclical one. None of us is willing to argue that it is going to last more than three years."

Tumlir, on the other hand, insisted that U.S. economic policy was not threatening recovery in Western Europe. In fact, he fears that the Reagan Administration program may be too stimulative and ignite new inflation.

Why is the West European recovery lagging behind the U.S.'s? The answer, according to Herbert Giersch, director of the University of Kiel's Institute for World Economics, is that European economies are too rigid to respond quickly enough to the rapidly changing world economy. Said he: "We are lagging in terms of flexibility of the labor market, in terms of product innovations and also in just entrepreneurial spirit in comparison with the U.S."

Sam Brittan, assistant editor of London's *Financial Times*, said that the mood known as "Euro-gloom" was due to the fear of an "employmentless expansion." "Outside of France and Italy," said Brittan, "we will get growth rates not all that different from the U.S.'s. But the difference is that they will not bring any relief for the jobless."

For the European Community's four leading nations, the board offered only moderately encouraging forecasts:

BRITAIN: This year the British economy will grow 2.5%, the highest rate among major European nations, according to Brittan. He pointed out that Margaret Thatcher's thumping electoral victory was partly due to the fact that the purchasing power of people still employed has risen over the past four-year period, as inflation fell from 13.4% to 5.8%. Unemployment, of course, doubled to 3 million during that period, but Brittan argued that there exists a vague public agreement that no easy remedy can be found for the worldwide scourge of joblessness

In her second term, Thatcher will face first a leveling off, and then a decline, of North Sea oil revenues after some fields begin to go dry. This will mean that the Conservative government will no longer be able to count on the oil cushion that has so far helped it to soften the harsher effects of the recession. With inflation down, Thatcher is expected to take more risks to protect the recovery. To improve British competitiveness in world markets, Brittan expected the government to encourage a fall in interest rates, as it did last week, in order to slow the rise of the pound on currency markets. Brittan said that a prolonged recovery will above all depend on keeping wage increases under control during the next few months.

FRANCE: Laboring under a three-month-old austerity program that has increased taxes, slashed government spending and ignited street protests by groups ranging from farmers to travel agents, the French economy will actually shrink 1% this year, according to Jean-Marie Chevalier, professor of economics at the University of Paris Nord. Said he: "That is the price we now have to pay for the 1.5% growth in 1982, which was the highest of any major Western industrialized country."

The trouble facing France's Socialist government is that its 1981 attempt at expansion created first inflation and then a huge trade deficit. Chevalier said that a split in Socialist Party ranks continues between supporters of Finance Minister Jacques Delors's austerity program and left-wingers like former Industry Minister Jean-Pierre Chevènement, who favor spurring demand at any cost. In view of the government's severe financial straits, Chevalier noted, no alternative exists to the present, unpopular squeeze.

One of Chevalier's greatest worries is the disparity between French and West German wage settlements. He pointed out that while unions at Volkswagen accepted a 3.2% pay increase in 1983, Renault workers have won a 10% pay hike. Such a difference in wage contracts is likely to mean continued currency troubles between the two countries.

WEST GERMANY: "The upswing that had been talked about so much has started to the extent that the up is there, but the swing is still missing," said West Germany's Giersch. The consensus among forecasters, Giersch said, was for 2.25% growth this year, with inflation falling to 3%. Unemployment is likely to stay at 9% to 9.5% in 1983, and Giersch saw little improvement in that trend next year. He anticipated that the country's healthy current-accounts surplus, which is expected to total $4 billion this year, will remain near that level for at least the next year.

Giersch sees slow growth through the 1980s as economies continue to suffer from high real interest rates. He expects Bonn to continue a cautious course aimed at reducing budget deficits, though he said that he "would be prepared to run a deficit to stimulate the economy."

ITALY: Guido Carli, a former governor of the Bank of Italy and a board member, sent his forecasts from Milan, where he was campaigning for the Italian Senate in next Sunday's national elections. Said he: "I thought it would be better to jump in than stay on the sidelines criticizing." According to Carli, Italy faces perhaps the most serious troubles of all West European countries. He warned that unless the budget deficit, which is currently running at an annual rate of $60 billion, is reined in, "Italy will be prevented from participating in the recovery of other nations." The economic indicators already show there has been no turnaround. Inflation this year is nearly 14%, unemployment is 9.5%, and the gross national product is likely to decline by .4% for the year. Basically, said Carli, the country's problems are not economic but political. Last year's $53 billion budget deficit was 58% over target, and the central bank financed it, in part, with printing presses, overshooting its monetary target by 34%.

Throughout last week's meeting, the dominant theme was the dilemma of continued high unemployment in a mild recovery. Mast, who feared that this could lead to sociopolitical unrest, said that governments had used up all reasonable excuses for the armies of jobless. Said he: "First it was the fault of the oil-producing nations. Then it was the fault of inflationary social policies. But the better world has not come, and people will get nervous." In the U.S., said Mast, workers have been ready to accept less pay in order to stay on the job, but in Europe the

Jean-Marie Chevalier | Jan Tumlir | Sam Brittan | Herbert Giersch | Hans Mast

A caution bordering on skepticism existed about signs that the grueling, three-year-long recession has finally ended.

unemployed often refuse to disrupt their lives to accept lower wages, preferring instead to go on a generous dole.

The board was less concerned about any immediate outburst of riots or demonstrations than about the long-term impact of joblessness on society. Giersch feared the development of a dual economy or dual labor market in Europe: "In the established economy, people will learn by doing, while others outside the system will fall behind and become an alienated part of society." Some labor unions and professional organizations are hindering the flexibility of labor and thereby fostering more unemployment.

Board members are keeping a close watch on the international debt situation. Countries like Brazil and Mexico are having problems meeting repayment schedules, and just one default could trigger a crisis. Mast, along with Fekete, felt that governments and central banks must step in as the "lender of last resort" to help private banks. Said Mast: "International financial institutions and governments will have to play a larger role in future financing."

Tumlir, on the other hand, argued that a rescue program by international institutions would shift the burden to taxpayers and allow both debtor nations and banks to get away with past imprudence. To avoid this, Tumlir proposed an international effort to improve the economic performance of the debtor nations by offering their exports greater access to Western markets. If that proves insufficient, he said, private banks should be forced to absorb some of the losses.

With the problems of international debt, global unemployment and growing protectionism so closely intertwined, the members of TIME's board agreed that a common approach to solving them must be found. Said Giersch: "We need a vision, and the politicians need a vision. But where is that world leadership?" Giersch's cry reflected a general sense among board members that the chances of world recovery rest on a compromise in the clash between optimism and pessimism, between those who would push the frail expansion too fast and those who, out of fear of new inflation, would stifle recovery. —*By Frederick Painton*

Hungary's Savvy Banker

János Fekete, 65, a guest at the TIME European Board of Economists session, is the favorite Eastern banker of Western bankers. As deputy president of the National Bank of Hungary, Fekete has raised hundreds of millions of dollars in loans that have helped keep afloat Hungary's distinctive and partially decentralized brand of Communism. Says one European banker who has negotiated with him: "If Hungary weren't a Communist country, Fekete would be the chairman of a private bank and ride around in a Rolls-Royce." He actually drives a Soviet-built Lada.

The gregarious central banker has been one of the designers of the reforms that have seen Hungary unabashedly substitute many market-economy techniques for rigid central planning. As Fekete told the TIME economists, "In the early 1960s we came to the conclusion that central planning was no longer acceptable for Hungary because it was impossible, even in such a small country as Hungary, to decide every important economic decision in one building, even if the people there are the most intelligent people in the world, which they are not. We decided to put the plan under the control of the market." To be sure, Hungary's economy has strong state direction, with the central bank exercising a tight rein on credit. But Hungary's concessions to a market economy include allowing people to make some profits from family farm plots.

Because Hungary relied so heavily on short-term bank deposits, it was especially vulnerable to the credit squeeze that hit Eastern Europe after Poland's near default. But unlike the rest of the Soviet bloc, Hungary has been able to raise new loans in the West ($1.6 billion in 1982) to strengthen its cash position, partly owing to Western confidence in Fekete's economic management. The country last year joined the International Monetary Fund, and it has since met the organization's stiff loan requirements. Hungary succeeded through an austerity program that included a cutback in imports and sharply increased prices for consumer goods like gasoline.

Workers finishing off buses for export; inset, János Fekete

As a result of those actions, which Fekete admitted were easier to apply in a Communist nation than in a Western debtor country like Brazil, Hungary has laid the foundation for growth and is once again able to borrow from Western banks. Nine weeks ago, Hungary signed an agreement for $200 million in credits with a consortium of financial institutions that included Bank of America, Chemical Bank, Bankers Trust and Manufacturers Hanover. Moreover, the World Bank has granted Hungary $239.4 million in long-term loans.

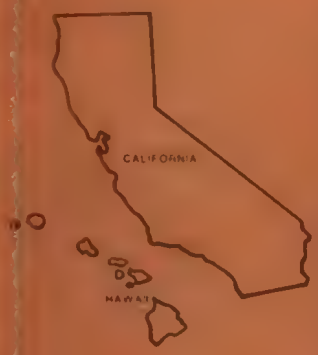
Fekete, an avowed Marxist who is nonetheless a master at using Western financial methods, sketched some ideas for the board. "We are now issuing bonds," he said. "Everybody told me that is capitalistic. Why is it capitalistic to issue bonds? There are a lot of people with money who do not use it, and there are others who need money. Why not let them change positions?" Fekete's long-range goal is to make the forint largely convertible with Western currencies.

Fekete pointed proudly to his country's achievements. Hungary does not have "the same riches of supply as the West," he conceded, but people are buying cars and vacation houses. This year 5 million Hungarians will travel outside their country, including 100,000 or so to the West. Food is available without the lines found in other socialist countries.

For more than a decade, Fekete has advocated more and freer East-West trade. Said he last week: "We have 400 million people in the East who are very much interested in buying the consumer goods you produce." Hungary has actually been rather successful at selling many items in the West, from the original Rubik's Cube to Crown-Ikarus buses, which are used in Portland, Ore., and San Mateo, Calif.

Hungary's economic reforms are tolerated but not widely emulated in Eastern Europe. Fekete noted that Leonid Brezhnev told the last Soviet Party Congress in 1981 that Hungarian agricultural policy should be seen as a model for other Communist countries. Despite that, few have adopted the Hungarian program. When asked why, Banker Fekete replied simply, "Vanity and pride."

WHEN AMERICAN BUSINESS MEETS IN CALIFORNIA & HAWAII, AMERICAN BUSINESS GETS TOGETHER AT HILTON.



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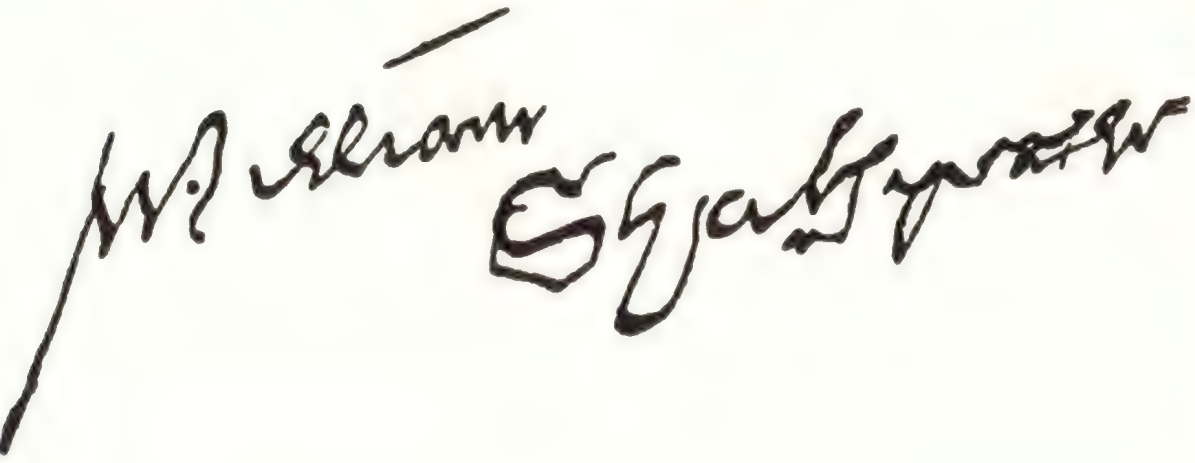

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White Knight

Taubman goes after Sotheby's

Though he is little known to the general public, Developer A. (for Adolph) Alfred Taubman, 59, is one of the wealthiest men in America. Over the past 33 years, he has amassed an empire that includes 25 major shopping centers in the U.S., 800 A & W fast-food outlets, 100 movie theaters and a personal fortune estimated at $525 million. Now Taubman, who operates out of Troy, Mich., is going after one of the most prestigious properties of all: Sotheby Parke Bernet Group, the tradition-laden British art auction house. Said Taubman in announcing his offer of at least $100 million in London: "This is like coming over here and buying the throne."

Until recently Taubman was a private man who shunned publicity, and he has not even been listed in *Who's Who*. But lately he has begun edging into view. He is bankrolling the Michigan Panthers, one of the entries in the infant U.S. Football League. In the business world, Taubman's real estate acumen is legendary. In 1977 he and some investors, including friends like New York Investment Banker Herbert Allen Sr. and Henry Ford II, outbid Mobil Corp. and paid $337 million for the Irvine Co., which owned 77,000 acres of mostly vacant land south of Los Angeles in Orange County. Six years later Taubman and his partners cashed in on the run-up in the housing market and sold the property for more than $1 billion. Said Taubman proudly: "This is a better deal than the Louisiana Purchase."

Ordinarily the 239-year-old Sotheby's would not be eager to be taken over by an American of any stripe, and particularly not by a real estate magnate like Taubman. Though trained as an architect at the University of Michigan and at the Lawrence Institute of Technology near Detroit, he emphasizes both commerce and art. Says he: "A shopping center is like a department store. First you plan where the merchandise is going to go, then you build architecture around it." That sort of attitude hardly seems suited to Sotheby's, where a cultivated image of exclusivity and taste is considered crucial for dealing with affluent art collectors.

But Sotheby's has been in deep trouble, brought on by sloppy management and overexpansion of its British and Manhattan auction houses during the heady late 1970s, when the auction business was booming. In its last fiscal year, Sotheby's lost $5.3 million on revenues of $92.2 million. Disturbed about the firm's shaky finances, owners have taken their artworks elsewhere to be sold. Late last year archrival Christie's (1982 revenues: $56.8 million) temporarily passed Sotheby's as the world's largest art auction house.

Sotheby's sees Taubman as a White Knight who will fend off an unfriendly takeover attempt by two other wealthy Americans, Marshall Cogan and Stephen Swid. Cogan and Swid head General Felt Industries, a New Jersey maker of carpet backing, and Knoll International, a manufacturer of office furniture. The two, both art collectors, acquired 29.9% of Sotheby's stock and announced that they wanted to buy the rest. Sotheby's was apoplectic. Chief Executive Graham Llewellyn threatened to "blow my brains out" if the bid succeeded, and Sotheby's staff of experts in London warned they would quit en masse.

Sotheby's views Taubman much more favorably. Says Llewellyn: "Chemistry plays an extremely important role in a people business. It did not exist in the previous bid, but it does in this one." Part of the reason for the warmer reception is Taubman's connections to the art world. He is on the board of New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art and is a trustee of the Michigan Foundation for the Arts. He is also an important collector of 20th century art, impressionist paintings and Chinese ceramics. His second wife, Judy, used to work for Christie's. Last month Taubman bought a Picasso crayon drawing at Sotheby's New York auction house for an undisclosed price.

A little-known developer worth $525 million

The British chemistry is better with him.

So far, Cogan and Swid have not been scared off by their well-heeled opponent. Last week they upped their offer 21%, to around $114 million. Before a winner in this auction-house auction can be declared, the British Monopolies and Mergers Commission will examine both offers, a process that could take six months. Taubman has already purchased more than 10% of Sotheby's, and the commission is expected to scrutinize closely Cogan and Swid's financing. The prevailing opinion is that the canny operator who outmaneuvered Mobil in a real estate deal will be a tough match for two carpet merchants from New Jersey. ■

Going Down

WPPSS heads toward default

With its hard-luck history, the Washington Public Power Supply System (WPPSS) has richly earned the unhappy nickname of Whoops. Construction on three of the five units in the state system's massive nuclear-power project has either been postponed or canceled, and a fourth unit is endangered. Last week things got even worse. The Washington State Supreme Court unexpectedly ruled that nearly 30 public utilities did not have to pay their share of the $2.25 billion owed WPPSS for building costs. The decision pushed the system a step closer to the ultimate whoops!—the largest municipal default in history.

Donald Mazur, managing director of WPPSS, called the court decision "devastating." He said he still expected work on the last fully active power project, which is 97% completed, to be finished in September. But $149 million more is needed, and the money is nowhere in sight.

The local utilities had agreed to help finance construction of nuclear plants 4 and 5 under contracts that obligated them to pay for the reactors whether or not they produced electricity. When work stopped more than a year ago because of escalating costs and an inability to get more financing, the utilities refused to pay and declared the agreements invalid. The state supreme court went along. It ruled that the utilities did not have the authority to enter into the accords in the first place, because they were putting their ratepayers at risk for the construction costs.

WPPSS is now $8.3 billion in debt and has no visible source of income. A Washington State judge temporarily saved it from default on May 31, when it failed to make a $15.6 million monthly interest payment, by issuing a temporary injunction. But after last week's court ruling, Washington State Senator Al Williams conceded: "Default is now pretty much assured, and bankruptcy is more likely." Barely enough money is being held in a reserve account to pay interest charges of $93.7 million that come due July 1. After that, the cash will be gone.

A failure by WPPSS would severely rattle the $400 billion municipal-bond market by driving down prices and raising borrowing costs for state and local governments. It would be particularly rough on the Pacific Northwest. Says Tim Kerr, deputy treasurer of Washington State: "We will see some very high interest rates."

It would seem that only the Federal Government can save WPPSS now, but there has been little movement toward a Chrysler-style bailout. Congressman George V. Hansen of Idaho has introduced a bill to raise $5 billion to buy back the bonds and pay off bondholders. But the bill is not given a chance of consideration until WPPSS actually defaults. Since that could happen as early as this week, Hansen may not have long to wait. ■

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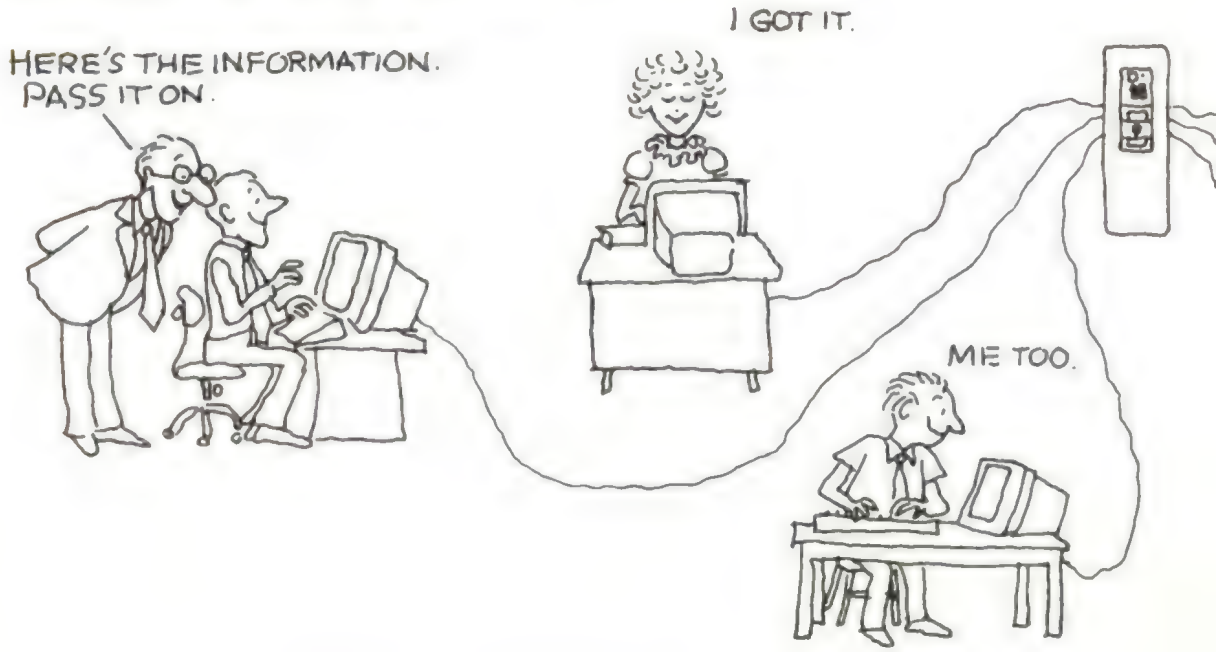

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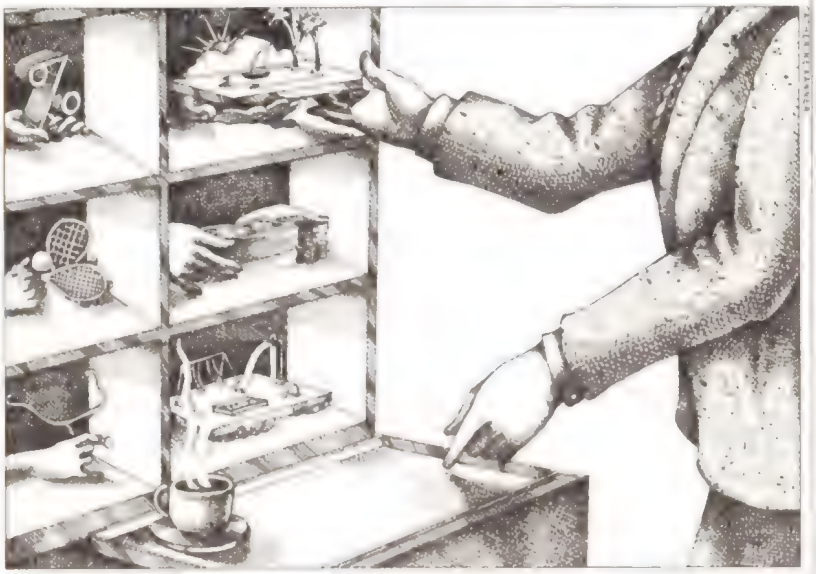
A Varied Menu of Benefits

Companies are offering employees "cafeteria-style" choices

As the summer vacation season arrives, employees at Fluor Corp. (1982 revenues: $7.3 billion) face a tough decision. Do they want more money or more time off? Those working for the California-based construction firm can add unused holidays and sick leave to their vacations and take extra, paid time off. On the other hand, they can sell their vacations back to the company for cash and spend their summers on the shop floor or behind their desks.

Such choices are part of a growing corporate trend toward flexible, or "cafeteria-style," benefits. Instead of dispensing rigidly fixed programs to everyone on the payroll, some 100 major U.S. firms now offer or plan to offer expanded menus of alternatives. Employees whose working husbands or wives already have family medical insurance, for example, might prefer legal insurance or added vacation instead of more health coverage.



The options can be as varied and innovative as personnel departments can make them. At Detroit's Comerica Inc. (1982 assets: $7.4 billion), Michigan's second largest bank holding company, employees can tailor their benefit packages to help pay for child care. At Baker Packers, a unit of California-based Baker International (1982 revenues: $2.5 billion), workers can cash in up to a week of vacation and deposit the proceeds in company-sponsored savings plans that invest in stocks and other securities.

A main appeal of the flexible programs is tax savings. Employees who opt for child care or other services may receive them in place of higher salaries. But since the benefits are not considered taxable income, the workers are not pushed into a higher tax bracket.

Another driving force behind the new policy has been the mushrooming cost of traditional benefit plans, especially for health programs. U.S. companies paid an average of $6,627 per employee for benefits in 1981, according to a study released last year by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Those payments equaled 37% of the typical worker's salary, up from about 30% a decade ago. Wyatt Co., a consulting firm based in Washington, notes that health-care expenses have climbed at an annual rate of 18% over the past five years. Says Lance Tane, a Wyatt analyst: "Benefits used to be considered the condiments of any pay package, but suddenly they were becoming part of the meat and potatoes."

The flexible fringes save firms money mainly by shifting corporate outlays away from medical plans with rapidly rising costs. Executives at SCM Corp. (1982 sales: $1.9 billion), a New York City–based conglomerate, expect that the cafeteria-style program launched this year will save the firm $600,000 in 1983 and $1.2 million each year after that. The new package requires employees to pick up part of their health insurance premiums, which the company had previously absorbed, but increases the benefits available under SCM's employee savings plans.

The new programs, in part, reflect the changing U.S. work force. Traditional benefit plans have been mainly geared to single-income homes in which husbands work and wives tend to the children. But a survey of Comerica's 5,200 employees, for example, showed that only about 13% were living in such once typical households. The 1980 census reported that 51.3% of U.S. women over the age of 16 had joined the labor force, compared with 37.7% in 1960. The number of families supported by one breadwinner, meanwhile, dropped to 33% from 48.3% over the same period. Says Philip M. Alden Jr., a benefits specialist with the New York City consulting firm of Towers, Perrin, Forster & Crosby: "Benefits had to change with the times."

Workers, so far, seem pleased with the cafeteria-style plans. Says Gene Cincotta, director of compensation and benefits for electronics and defense operations of TRW (1982 sales: $5.1 billion): "The programs show that the company trusts its employees to make their own decisions, and that becomes part of the working climate." Last year a poll of the unit's employees found that some 96% of them said they were "moderately or very satisfied" with the firm's flexible benefits. The TRW program included extra life insurance at favorable rates and a wide range of medical and dental choices. Says Carol Schamp, a department manager: "It's a very good plan. I've found no problems selecting just the kind of benefits that I need."

Companies report, though, that cafeteria programs can be expensive and time consuming to introduce, and some firms are hanging back because the start-up costs are too high. SCM spent $100,000 simply for an information campaign to explain its new plan to employees. Companies must also make substantial investments in computer software in order to administer the complex benefits programs. Even then, keeping track of who gets what can create headaches.

Another company concern is that the IRS will decide to tax the employee benefits in the flexible plans. The IRS has not yet issued a permanent ruling on the practice of exempting most of the funds from taxes, and some firms fear that it may eventually decide to crack down on the procedure. The federal agency, which has been preparing regulations covering the plans, hopes to issue them later this year.

Many firms, however, seem willing to push forward with flexible programs no matter what the IRS decides. Says Martha McDonald, personnel services manager of the Public Service Co. of New Mexico in Albuquerque, which has been considering switching to a cafeteria plan: "We feel we could implement one based on current proposed regulations and then change the program if we needed to." McDonald adds that she personally would like such a package. "I never get around to taking my vacation," she says, "so I would certainly rather be paid for the vacation I don't take." —*By John Greenwald. Reported by Russell Leavitt/Los Angeles and Adam Zagorin/New York*

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Stand By to Repel Raiders

The U.S. again sails out to defend the America's Cup

It is now June of the third year, and millionaires once again are at play on the high seas off Newport, R.I., a harbor town that smells strongly of salt water and money, the yachtsman's favorite aromas. Seven small navies have arrived from five stubborn countries, the largest assault force in 132 years, and are fighting it out among themselves for the right to challenge for the America's Cup, a symbol of U.S. ingenuity, or treachery, or both, that is bolted snugly, smugly, or both, to a heavy oak slab in the West 44th Street rumpus room of the New York Yacht Club.

This year the rule restricting the challengers to materials obtainable and technology available in their own countries has been rescinded, which may have helped bring about the record turnout of foreign entries: three Australian, one French, one Canadian, one Italian and one English. "The more the scarier," frets Commodore Henry H. Anderson Jr. of the N.Y.Y.C.'s Cup Committee. Not that a realistic chance of victory has ever been central to the quest.

Baron Marcel Bich, 68, the ballpoint pen and pantyhose tycoon from France, who spent $10 million over the past four campaigns, has given up at last. In Newport, where the race has been conducted since 1930, Baron Bich is remembered fondly for his distinctive white costumes and for the day he sailed off in the wrong direction at the starting line and disappeared into a fog bank. Now the old Frenchman's craft, *France 3*, belongs to Moviemaker Yves Rousset-Rouard, who has her back in Newport for another try. The hardiest dreamer left is Alan Bond, 45, an Australian entrepreneur from Perth, whose fourth adventure this summer will bring his tab to $9 million. Bond's boats have garnered the honor of challenging for each of the past three America's Cup series. Again this summer, of the three Australian entries (*Advance* and *Challenge 12* the others) that began round-robin trials last weekend, Bond's *Australia II* is favored to be the one to face the defender in the best-of-seven series commencing Sept. 13. *Australia II* is a vessel of intrigue: her secret keel is shrouded when she is lifted out of the water.

Competing privately, Skipper Dennis Conner's *Freedom*, left, duels *Liberty*

In the waters off Newport, an international occasion for a toast to something splendid.

The trophy, a pitcher homelier than Warren Spahn, was captured by Commodore John Cox Stevens' schooner *America* for blitzing 15 British boats in a race around the Isle of Wight promoting London's Great Exhibition of 1851. The N.Y.Y.C. insisted that the first challengers sail in solitude against a fleet of defenders and, in the interest of good seaworthy construction, travel to the site on their own bottoms. From 1870 until 1930, the race was set in Lower New York Bay, around Sandy Hook, where local knowledge was crucial. Though the visitors' hardships have gradually, very gradually, lessened through the years, the America's Cup still stands alone as the paragon of all home-course advantages. In 24 competitions, held every three years since 1974, the U.S. has never come close to losing the trophy.

These are twelve-meter yachts, called simply twelves, a reference not to their length of 65 ft. or so but to the quotient of a complicated formula involving water line, sail area and displacement. Auto racers tune their engines no more fastidiously than boat architects tweak their designs. Discretion is usually the rule. The captain of the British syndicate—like the love life of a horse, an America's Cup boat is never the property of an individual, always a syndicate—is a multimillionaire financier by the name of Peter de Savary. In the corridors of the N.Y.Y.C., De Savary has been pronounced "unsavory" since the club learned that he videotaped the practice sessions of the leading U.S. skippers last summer.

Californians Dennis Conner, 40, a computerized competitor, and Tom Blackaller, 43, a lighthearted sailor, are old and dedicated rivals. In paramilitary command of *Freedom*, Conner defended the Cup so scientifically and staunchly in 1980 (43-4 in races against other defenders, 4-1 over Australia for the series) that his professionalism has been charged with killing fun and games. Outrageous Captain Courageous Ted Turner, who let ordinary people into the sport in 1977, says, "It knocks out of the competition forever anyone who's not prepared to give up three years of his life." Says Blackaller of Conner: "I think the type of person who practices that much and thinks it's fun is a very boring person."

Conner, who owns a drapery business in San Diego, works not only his crew like galley slaves but his shipbuilders too. Desiring a twelve even swifter than *Freedom*, Conner ordered three new $1 million boats after 1980, discarding *Magic* and *Spirit* before embracing *Liberty*. Weighing the virtues of *Freedom* and *Liberty* right up until the deadline last week, Conner finally chose the new boat. Besides *Liberty* and Blackaller's *Defender*, Turner's old friend *Courageous* will head out again, skippered by John Kolius.

All summer long the challengers and defenders will race separately until, some time before Sept. 8, both sides will have picked their representatives. Tourists in Newport will not see much of this, or in many cases, even look for it. On the spectator craft flanking the triangular 24.3-mile course, good binoculars are necessary just to tell one boat from the other. Back in town, a lot of broiling people in madras shorts and Top-Siders will drink large quantities of beer, and toast being at the scene of an international occasion. Nobody is quite sure what is going on—something splendid. —*By Tom Callahan*

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Whatever Became of the Future?

At Aspen, a search for an alternative to the modernist vision

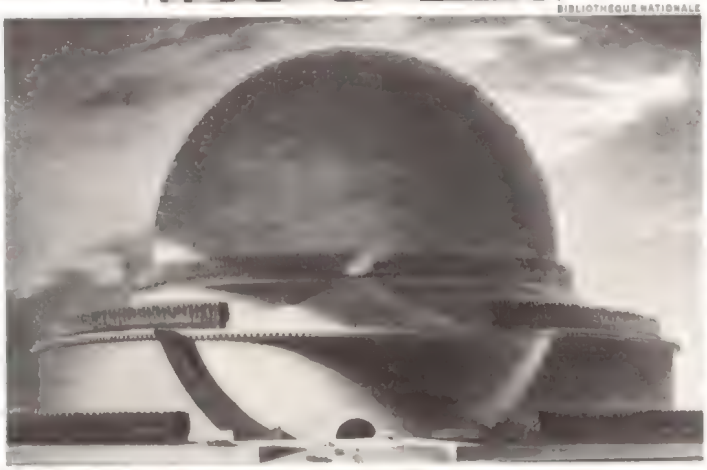
In 1951, when many of the world's leading designers and architects gathered in the Colorado Rockies for the First International Design Conference at Aspen, they exuded confident pride in a functional, streamlined vision of the future. At the 33rd Aspen Conference last week, the theme was "The Future Isn't What It Used to Be."

It sure isn't. While abstraction still survives in art, the vision of the city as an abstract work of art and of houses as "machines to live in" is widely ridiculed and rejected today. Shivers went through Aspen's packed music tent last week (and not only because of the 30° F weather) when Peter Blake, chairman of the department of architecture and planning at Catholic University of America, showed slides of the future as envisioned in the past. The "ideal cities" of Leonardo da Vinci or Etienne-Louis Boullée, although devoid of people, were at least images of fantastic beauty. The modern future, as imagined by Antonio Sant'Elia in 1914, Ludwig Hilberseimer in 1928 and Le Corbusier in 1934, has a nightmarish, totalitarian quality, akin to George Orwell's *1984* foreboding of a boot in the face. It seems incredible that many of the most talented and renowned designers in the Aspen tent had once believed in and fought for these visions.

What turned them—and countless laymen—against such a future is that so much of it was realized. In St. Louis all 33 buildings in the unlivable concrete Pruitt-Igoe housing project were deservedly demolished in the mid-1970s. The sudden popularity of historic building preservation is, in large measure, a rebellion against modern design. "Don't tear it down" more often than not means "Don't build it up!" The phenomenal increase in handicrafts is to a certain extent a reaction against the design of industrial products. The most successful feats of contemporary urban design are not the vacuous boulevards of "the city of tomorrow," like the Albany Mall, but teeming festival markets, like Boston's Faneuil Hall. Such high-tech architecture as the Beaubourg cultural center in Paris may make a nice place to visit, but who wants to live there?

Some of the 1,200 architects, film makers and graphic and industrial designers who assembled at Aspen are leaders in an emerging, spontaneous coalition of preservationists, ecologists and artisans who are making our cities more livable and human. Peter Blake, for example, wrote a much noted polemic against the modernist vision. Benjamin Thompson is the architect of Faneuil Hall and other festival markets. Israeli-born Canadian Architect Moshe Safdie is a pioneer in the search for a new architecture of humanism. "Out here in this wonderful countryside," Safdie said last week, "I don't feel that I want to change the ways of nature. I hope I can keep that feeling in my architecture." But the Livable City remains a vague, wishful notion.

SUSAN MCCOY



BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

Architect Safdie and Designer Bass, above; Boullée's scheme for unbuilt monument

Nightmarish images from the past and an evasion of the issues of the present.

The Aspen conference would seem to be an ideal place to focus this notion into a vision. It was started by Walter Paepcke, chairman of the Container Corp. of America, as part of an effort to turn the half-forgotten Rocky Mountain mining town into a chic culture and vacation resort. Paepcke was one of the few U.S. industrialists who believed in design excellence in architecture, industrial products and graphics. With Herbert Bayer, the Bauhaus designer, he created the corporate image of his company and set the tone for the Aspen conference. Imperceptibly, the conference, in turn, set the tone for modern design in America.

With its heady discussions in the music tent, on flowery meadows, along mountain walks, on riverside picnics and in the bar of the Jerome Hotel, the conference has become an institution, a sort of Academy. Students and young practitioners come with their cameras and tape recorders, spouses and babies; besides sitting at the feet of such design luminaries as Saul Bass, Ivan Chermayeff, Niels Diffrient, Milton Glaser and George Nelson, they turn the Academy into a happening, flying kites, making music of all kinds and building weird experimental structures. At an altitude of 8,000 ft., some of the proceedings tend to soar into the wild blue yonder.

But this year perhaps it was Aspen that was not what it used to be. Rather than dealing with our loss of an imaginable future—or, rather, our yielding it to the futurologists with their projections, megatrends and future shocks—the conference evaded the issue it raised. Two programs offered escapes into bittersweet nostalgia. One was an enchanting evocation with slides, film clips and live theater of "Vienna: A Moment of Greatness." Another was a seminar on "Designing the Corporation's Future," which returned to the prescription of the first Aspen conference and of every one since: that a designer should be nested high in every corporate tree.

The only clear-cut statement about the future came from Steven Jobs, 28, chairman of the board of Apple Computer, Inc. Within two years, Jobs predicted, more computers than automobiles will go on the market. "They should be well designed," he said. "But well designed or not, they will sell anyway." To some of his listeners, this indicated that Apple considers design dispensable gift wrapping. It also raised the specter of technology and engineering moving ahead of design instead of following from it, with the result that the style of buildings, computers and graphics would merely reflect expediency. As Design Writer Ralph Caplan put it, "Designers today are caught between market research and their creative instincts. The trouble is, we don't have a choice. Non-design is also a form of design." If the future is not what it used to be, perhaps next year's Aspen conference should consider what it ought to be.

—*By Wolf Von Eckardt*

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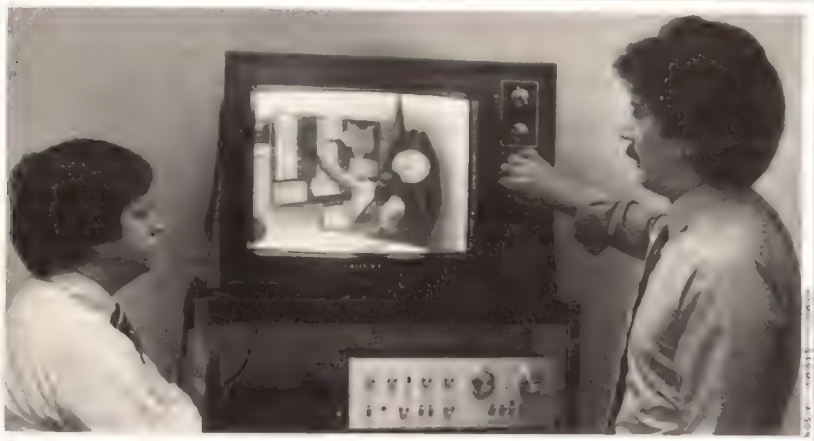


Staff members of The Bronx district attorney's office tune in Suspect Clifford Brighton

Smile, You're on the D.A.'s Camera

Taped confessions prove a prime tool in the war on crime

In a gritty N.Y.P.D. interrogation room, the camera pans over the usual cast (a detective, a stenographer, a prosecutor) before zooming in on the suspect. Clifford Brighton, 22, with pockmarks and a bruised eye, describes how he held up a supermarket earlier that day using a hostage: "I grabbed the cop and stuck a gun in him and took him into the store."

An old *Kojak* episode? A clip from *Hill Street Blues*? No, the dramatic scene is a real confession on videotape. It is one that may be repeated 500 times this year by the district attorney's office in The Bronx. The technique has resulted in a guilty-plea rate of 85% and a conviction rate of almost 100%. And New York City is not alone. Taped confessions are the latest tools of enterprising law-enforcement agencies around the country.

The tapes save days in pretrial hearings by permitting judges to determine quickly if a confession is voluntary and can be used as evidence. They leave no doubts that the suspect was read his Miranda rights to remain silent and have an attorney, and that he waived them. The tapes also provide clear, tamperproof visual records for all trial participants. Another unanticipated benefit: defendants seem willing to confess when looking at the little red light. Brighton, for instance, pleaded guilty after making his statement on the tube and was sentenced to six to 18 years in prison. From the time of his arrest, the entire process took four months, less than half the usual time for a robbery case that goes to trial.

Since the early 1970s, law-enforcement officers have used video cameras to tape drunk-driving suspects, for crowd surveillance and to record "sting" operations. (By far the most famous use: the Abscam investigations that led to the convictions of former New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams and six Congressmen.)

The St. Louis police department, one of the video pioneers, has employed the tape method on crimes ranging from burglary to murder. Says homicide division Lieut. William Wilson: "When defense lawyers see the tape, they usually tell their clients, 'Take whatever they'll give you.' "

Miami prosecutors utilize video cameras in major murder cases. In New Orleans, TV confessions are used when illiterate defendants are unable to sign transcribed statements. The Minneapolis police department records statements from child-abuse victims. Says Chief Anthony Bouza: "That way a child recounting a traumatic event doesn't have to repeat it 20 times."

Some attorneys, however, are skeptical about the benefits. Says Lawyer Howard Specter of Pittsburgh: "A suspect may be overwhelmed by the videotape equipment. The potential for taking advantage seems strong." Defense Attorney William Murphy of Chicago says, "Let's face it. Some confessions are elicited not by beating but by trickery."

Why do defendants confess on camera? "It seems to be human nature," says Prosecutor George Peach of St. Louis. "Anybody who's guilty wants to get it off his chest and tell somebody." Bronx D.A. Mario Merola, whose office was the first to use videotaped confessions back in 1975, reports only ten refusals by confessing defendants to be videotaped out of 3,000 requests. Merola's diagnosis: "People in this country are weaned on TV, and people are hams."

So far, no one has seriously challenged the constitutionality of voluntary videotaped confessions. Meanwhile, says Merola, videotaping "is taking the gamesmanship out of the process; it tells the truth." And in living color, no less ■

Sour Apples

The Supreme Court bites back

Chief Justice Warren Burger has often complained about the overburdening of the nation's courts. They are being choked, he once observed, because "people tend to be less satisfied with one round of litigation and are demanding a second bite at the apple." The apple is now biting back. In two major decisions, the U.S. Supreme Court refused to permit federal employees to bring damage suits against their superiors for violations of constitutional rights. In a third case, the court assessed a party for filing a frivolous appeal after repeated failures in lower courts.

The Supreme Court ruled unanimously against five Navy enlisted men, all of them black, who sued their officers on the U.S.S. *Decatur*. They claimed that because of their race they had received degrading assignments and had been unfairly disciplined. The court said the men should have sought corrective action within the military-justice system. "The special nature of military life," wrote Burger for the court, "would be undermined by a judicially created remedy exposing officers to personal liability."

The Justices also unanimously decided that federal civilian employees must rely on the "elaborate remedial system" of the civil service for redress of alleged arbitrary and illegal actions. They ruled against NASA Engineer William Bush, who claimed that he had been demoted in retaliation for his public complaints about the agency's management. Although the Civil Service Commission's appeals review board awarded Bush back pay and reinstatement, he sued his boss for damages for denying his right to free speech. In rejecting his appeal, the court noted that Bush had already been compensated for the injustice. Richard Redenius of the Merit Systems Protection Board, successor to the Civil Service Commission, was understandably pleased. Said he: "Congress appropriates $20 million a year to support the board. The court is saying, let the administrative process work."

The high court also did itself a favor. In a ruling that may make litigants think twice about wasting the justices' efforts on hopeless appeals, they implemented a 1980 rule for the first time. Former Student Elmo Tatum, in a series of unsuccessful legal maneuvers labeled "entirely without merit" by a lower court, sued the University of Nebraska on a housing grievance. In a terse order, not only did the court turn down his appeal, it made him pay $500 in damages. Although the amount was modest, the message seemed clear: the court appears to be getting tougher on what Justice Lewis Powell calls "the litigation explosion." ■

Hooliganism in the Holy City

Ultra-Orthodox Jews attack secular Israelis—and each other

At a farewell party in Jerusalem for high school graduates entering military service, a mob of ultra-Orthodox Jews, armed with clubs and metal bars, not only disrupted the festivities but also partially destroyed the community center where they were being held. Another group of fanatics ransacked an Israeli census office, claiming that counting people violated divine law. A yeshiva student walking home one evening was seriously wounded by knife-wielding youths; they were apparently retaliating against the actions of militant religious groups. At a performance of Handel's *Messiah* by the Utah Oratorio Society, young firebrands repeatedly interrupted the concert with shouts of "Shame!" and were hustled away by police after they stormed the stage. When Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek denounced the hooliganism at a rally, a man spit in his face and proclaimed that "God gave me the strength" to do it.

These events in the Holy City are only samples of a troubling increase in sectarian violence involving ultra-Orthodox Jews, many of them members of Israel's numerous Hasidic groups.* Ever since the founding of Israel in 1948, traditionalist Jews who cluster in the Mea Shearim or Geula neighborhoods of northern Jerusalem have often stoned passing automobiles on the Sabbath and otherwise vented their wrath on those who violate God's law. But the recent outbursts reflect a new militancy on the part of extremists and a fundamental change in the relations of the city's religious groups.

The ultra-Orthodox Jews have a birth rate that is three times the national average, and they also constitute the largest group moving into Jerusalem. As a result, they have been trying to take over areas near the overcrowded Mea Shearim and Geula sections, offering twice the market value to entice secular Israelis to sell their homes and threatening those who refuse to move. At least one family has been burned out.

Other acts of violence have involved disputes over observance of Jewish law. The youths are more zealous in their beliefs and more pugnacious than their elders, who are often eager to urge them on. The new militants regard other Orthodox Jews as compromisers and secular Israelis as grievous sinners and abhor proselytizing by the small group of Christian missionaries in the country.

The aggressive hostility of the ultra-Orthodox has had other splintering effects on Israeli society. Most of the zealots are Ashkenazim (Jews of European background), while the majority of Israelis are now Sephardim (of Asian and African origin), who have different traditions. Some of those being forced out of the northern Jerusalem neighborhoods are also Sephardim. Complicating matters, the Hasidic movement is split into feuding groups. The Satmar sect, whose Brooklyn-based rebbe (spiritual leader) is Moshe Teitelbaum, believes that the very existence of Israel as a state is a blasphemy; Jews should wait for the Messiah to establish a true spiritual kingdom in the Holy Land. (When Teitelbaum and 1,000 followers flew to Israel to visit Satmarers in Mea Shearim, they refused to fly on El Al, the country's airline.) On this point, the Satmar group bitterly opposes the Lubavitch Hasidim, who are ardently pro-Israel. The Lubavitchers, who also have their headquarters in Brooklyn, have had several rock-throwing street battles with Satmarers.

In the past, Prime Minister Menachem Begin was reluctant to move against the religious rioters, partly because his coalition government needed the votes of the Agudat Israel Party, which is backed by the ultra-Orthodox. But the attacks have become so prevalent, and the government feels so secure, that police are now cracking down on the hooligans. Obviously distressed, the recently elected Chief Rabbi of the nation's Sephardim, Mordechai Eliahu, pleaded that Jewish factions "must not exploit each other," and a spokesman for the new Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi, Avraham Shapiro, said, "It is forbidden for one Jew to lift a hand against another Jew." So far, however, the zealots have listened only to their own rabbinical authorities, who have not publicly denounced the violence. ■

ZOOM 77

Zealous disciples of Rabbi Teitelbaum gathering in Jerusalem this month for his arrival

Reflecting a new militancy and a fundamental change among the city's religious groups.

*The Hasidic movement, which arose in the 18th century, consists of closely knit Orthodox groups, each led by a dynastic rabbi, that exuberantly express spiritual fervor and strictly observe religious law

Deleted Deity

A rather radical proposal

How does a Unitarian begin his prayer? Answer: "To whom it may concern . . ." That dog-eared ecclesiastical joke became a real possibility last week, as the Unitarian Universalist Association opened debate on a rather radical proposal: to delete any mention of God from its founding statement of principles. The Rev. Walter Royal Jones Jr., head of the drafting committee, noted that the idea was subject to change, and a Colorado layman protested, "We can never sell this." Nonetheless, the move toward godlessness represented a growing consensus among Unitarian Universalist congregations in the U.S. and Canada.

In 18th century New England, small groups of Congregationalists rebelled against such doctrines as eternal punishment and the worship of Jesus Christ and, indeed, against the very idea of binding creeds. The separate movements that became known as Universalism and Unitarianism originally thought of themselves as Christian. But later on each developed contingents of "theists," who worshiped a vague or impersonal God, and "humanists," who did not believe in a God at all.

Understandably, the denominations

had trouble pinning down what they actually believed in. Over the years, they issued a series of increasingly murky declarations about their theology. Prior to the merger of the two denominations in 1961 to form the Unitarian Universalist Association, the Universalists professed a faith in a loving God and in Jesus as a spiritual (although not a divine) leader, while the Unitarians honored the "religion which Jesus taught 'as love to God and love to man.'" A compromise hammered out during the merger eliminated the name of Jesus from the association's statement of principles, which were said to be "immemorially summarized in the Judeo-Christian heritage as love to God and love to man." In the 1970s, "man" was changed to "humankind."

The current campaign to delete the Deity stems from feminists, who feel that the word God reeks of old-fashioned chauvinism. Following a consciousness-raising convocation in Michigan in 1980, four regional districts and 14 local congregations jointly requested the denomination to eliminate God from the statement of principles.

During the past year, the association asked its 1,007 congregations to discuss what it should do. Based on responses from 260 churches, Jones' Committee on Purposes and Principles proposed to last week's assembly in Vancouver that the reference to God be replaced with a statement that the churches "reflect various forms of Theism, Christianity, Humanism, Feminism and other religious traditions." A study paper explained that "the origins of feminist theology may be found in the Fertile Crescent, Egypt, India, China, Greece—wherever female deities were honored." While elevating feminism to the status of a new brand of faith, the committee dropped any reference to another religion with roots in the Fertile Crescent: Judaism.

In Vancouver, the Rev. Linnea Pearson of Miami, a member of the principles committee, argued, "Feminism might not change the world, but it has at least as good a chance as any of its predecessors." The Rev. Dianne Miller of Belmont, Mass., another committee member, granted that there was something a bit odd about voting up or down on God. But, she added slyly, "we aren't sure that's what matters to her, anyway."

The denomination's membership has another year to think the matter over before the committee offers its final recommendation. The discussion last week suggested that a majority favored restoring some reference to Judaism. God might make a comeback, too, though possibly in some sort of semantic disguise lest feminists be offended. However the deliberations turn out, it seems unlikely that the debate about God will do anything to sustain this year's modest rise in U.U.A. membership. Over the past seven years, the U.U.A. has experienced a decline of nearly 31% (to 136,500), the most severe membership loss ever suffered by any church body in North America. ■

Medicine

Help Is Coming for Herpes

Scientists are developing tests, vaccines and treatments

The epidemic continues. An estimated 20.5 million Americans already have genital herpes, and several times that number live in fear of getting it. Their yearning for relief, a method of prevention and a cure for the virus has driven some to extremes; herpes sufferers have been known to try everything from hair dryers to Clorox to heal their lesions. Now, for the first time, it looks as though help and, more important, a means of preventing the disease may be on the way.

At least four herpes vaccines are under development. Last week ground was broken for a new facility at Porton Down in England that will produce a newly developed vaccine for large-scale, controlled testing. The vaccine, created by a team at the University of Birmingham under Scottish Virologist Gordon Skinner, has already passed preliminary trials with impressive results. It was tested over a period ranging from four months to three years on 300 people who were frequently exposed to herpes because their sexual partners had the disease; only two developed the infection.

British scientists working on a vaccine

Prevention may be just two years away.

The Birmingham group also obtained good results with subjects who had already had one episode of herpes and were vaccinated immediately afterward. Ordinarily, nine out of ten such people will suffer another outbreak within a year, but the rate of recurrence was only 25% among subjects in the study. Skinner believes that the vaccine, which is given in two or three injections at monthly intervals, is effective for at least two years and has no side effects. Its safety, he says, is due to the fact that the vaccine is made from a virus that has been stripped of its DNA core and thereby rendered harmless. Skinner estimates, however, that it will be at least two years before the vaccine is thoroughly tested.

A similar vaccine, developed by Merck, Sharpe and Dohme, is under evaluation at the University of Washington's Herpes Research Clinic in Seattle. In animal tests, the vaccine offered good protection against herpes, and in cases where infection did occur the severity and frequency were reduced. Results in 500 human subjects should be available in 1985. Meanwhile, other vaccines are under development at the University of Chicago and Lederle Laboratories in Wayne, N.J.

Progress has recently been made in other areas of herpes research. Dr. Lata Nerurkar of the National Institute of Neurological Communicative Disorders and Stroke has developed a 24-hour test to diagnose herpes; she predicts that a six- to eight-hour method will be available by year's end. Only six months ago it took from two to seven days to diagnose herpes. Speed is especially important in the case of women who are about to give birth. If the disease is active, doctors generally resort to caesarian delivery since the baby may become infected—often fatally—while passing through the birth canal.

At present, the only drug approved by the FDA for treatment of herpes is acyclovir, an ointment that can reduce the severity of attacks in some patients. Birmingham's Skinner announced last week that lithium succinate, a nonprescription ointment available at many health-food stores, appeared to have similar effects in placebo-controlled trials. Skinner learned about the ointment from a prostitute, who brought it in to his clinic and told him that it helped heal her lesions.

An interferon-based ointment is under development in Israel. Until it and a number of other products now in the laboratories are tested, the FDA and experts at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta remain skeptical about their effectiveness. "Right now there is no cure and no vaccine that works," warns Dr. Wayne Greaves of the CDC. But he adds, "There are some that are promising." ■

Shake-Out in the Hardware Wars

A fierce pricing battle claims a major casualty

At Olympic Sales in downtown Los Angeles last week, an Atari home computer that cost $630 three years ago carried a price tag of $77.95. At Lechmere Sales in Cambridge, Mass., Texas Instruments micros that retailed for $525 in 1981 could be had for less than $100. Gemco stores in California were selling Commodore 64 computers for $199 each, two-thirds off their price of six months ago. In Chicago, K mart was unloading tiny Timex Sinclair 1000s, listed last year at $99.95, for $29.97 each.

The market for the smallest computers, always competitive, has finally blossomed into a full-scale price war. Manufacturers have been trumpeting price cuts and rebates and spending heavily on TV ads. Until recently, the high-pressure strategy seemed to be paying off: sales of 5 million home computers were predicted for 1983, a huge increase over last year's record-breaking 2.5 million.

Lately, however, there have been signs that the market may be approaching saturation. Consumers are beginning to complain that without expensive printers and disc drives, many of the low-priced machines are little more than video-game players with built-in keyboards. Talmis Inc., an Oak Park, Ill., market research firm, estimates that small computers have been selling at a monthly rate of 275,000, but manufacturers have been shipping more than 450,000 a month.

Last week the fragile market cracked. Reacting to news that Texas Instruments, suffering from disappointing hardware and software sales, had predicted a $100 million loss in its current quarter, Wall Street turned negative on the company's stock. Shares of TI, one of the world's largest manufacturers of silicon chips, dropped 40 points in one day, trimming nearly $1 billion from the company's paper value. On the heels of Atari's multimillion-dollar loss last quarter, it looked as if one segment of the computer revolution was wobbling.

Fortunately for the industry, higher-priced microcomputers have not succumbed to the price cutting that has bedeviled the bottom portion of the market. Apple and IBM continue to sell full-price personal computers ($1,500 to $4,000) as fast as they can ship them. Even among the low-end companies there have occasionally been flashes of rational pricing strategy. Timex, for example, has systematically reduced its prices on the Timex Sinclair 1000 to help clear the way for more powerful and more expensive models due later this year.

Not so Commodore and Texas Instruments. Says William Bowman of Spinnaker Software, a leading publisher of home-computer software: "They aren't responding to the market but to each other." The Commodore–TI donnybrook began last August, when Texas Instruments offered a $100 rebate on the TI 99/4A, bringing the machine's price down to $149. Commodore answered with a $50 trim on its VIC 20, making its tag $149. Then as Christmas approached, Commodore sliced an additional $20 off the VIC 20 price. Then $30 more. "The bottom line," says Bowman, "is that the VIC was cheaper than the TI during the height of the Christmas season." Commodore Founder Jack Tramiel, a veteran of the pocket calculator wars of the 1970s, adopted the slogan "Microprocessors for the Masses" and boasted that he had sold more than 1 million VIC 20s in 1982, nearly double the sales claimed by his nearest competitors, Timex and TI.

Tramiel moved again early this year, cutting prices on his Model 64 computer and offering rebates for trade-ins on his competitors' machines. He had also pulled out of independent computer stores and concentrated on mass-market outlets such as K mart and Toys R Us. TI machines, hobbled by second-rate software, suffered a further blow in February, when the company disclosed that users were vulnerable to possible electrical shocks. TI corrected the defect, but the damage to the machine's image was not so easily repaired.

Many analysts believe that an industry shake-out is due. Atari, trying to stage a comeback with a series of lightweight, foreign-built models, remains beset by shipping delays and management turmoil. Timex, having cut back production on its model 1000, will face tough competition in the under-$200 market for its new line. Tandy, whose Radio Shack TRS-80 Color Computer sold sluggishly at $399.95, has dropped its price to $199.95, a level some observers believe is still not low enough to ensure the machine's survival. Says Talmis President Jeanne Dietsch: "They seem to bring in new products with total disregard for their competitors' pricing."

More complications are on the horizon. Earlier this month Coleco, a vigorous competitor of Atari in the video-game business, introduced a $600 home computer and word-processing system that includes a typewriter-quality printer. Coleco's entry, named Adam, may signal the spread of the price war from basic computer units to plug-in peripheral devices. And last week a consortium of 14 Japanese manufacturers, led by NEC and Matsushita, announced a technical agreement that will result in interchangeable game cartridges and programs for their home computers. The new standards were developed by Microsoft, a programming house based in Bellevue, Wash., that designed the software specifications for IBM when that giant firm entered the medium-price personal computer market two years ago. IBM, interestingly, is quietly working on its own low-end machine, developed under the code name "Peanut." While it is not clear which standards IBM's machine will follow, one thing is certain: whichever way IBM goes, a good portion of the industry is sure to follow. —*By Philip Faflick. Reported by Tom Johnson/San Francisco and Jamie Murphy/New York*

A Busy Springtime for Jerry

Robbins finds inspiration in Fred Astaire and Philip Glass

When the curtain rises on Jerome Robbins' new ballet, *Variations on I'm Old Fashioned*, the audience sees a movie screen. A four-minute film clip from *You Were Never Lovelier* (1942) shows Fred Astaire dancing with the breathtakingly lovely Rita Hayworth, then 24. They start off slowly, pick up momentum, then get rambunctious, in an elegant way. Passing through the French doors at the end of the sequence, they even bump shoulders briefly before gliding off into one of the many mansions reserved for the gods of dance.

Can this be topped? No. Added to? Taken apart for demonstration? Spoofed? Hardly. But here is Jerome Robbins, an eminent choreographer and veteran theatrical wizard, presenting it all as a 35-minute classical ballet complete with toe shoes. In any serious sense he does not succeed. New York City Ballet, alas, does not have any girls as sexy as Rita, nor any boys who even set one thinking of Fred. The secret formula for the chemistry of Astaire's ballroom duets remains intact. Despite all this, Robbins, shrewd old romantic that he is, has come up with a diverting piece, a summer night's smile, evanescent, pretty, mildly seductive

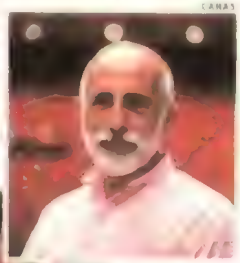
I'm Old Fashioned is mostly a medley of duets and solos for three couples. Some passages are soft and slithery; others, especially a *pas de deux* for Kyra Nichols and Sean Lavery, strike sparks. Gradually the number of dancers increases: at the end, the stage fills with formally dressed couples who dance gamely on as the dazzling film starts again. By curtain fall, only a few are left, raptly watching the screen. Along the way there are some hard nudges—too many bumping shoulders, for instance. Nor is the work well served by Morton Gould's empty variations on the Jerome Kern song. But when *I'm Old Fashioned* takes itself lightly, which is often enough, it becomes the fantasy of every man who has ever put on a dinner jacket and asked a woman to dance.

The Astaire ballet is almost a *divertissement*, basically more evidence of Robbins' obsession with the problems of partnering. His major work for City Ballet in this busy spring is *Glass Pieces*, a 26-minute work set to the minimalist compositions of Philip Glass. This ballet shows the bold side, the brainy city strutter in Robbins. Formal, clear and well structured, it is his strongest work in years. It begins with 33 dancers, dressed in multicolored practice clothes, walking briskly across the stage, each alone, no two taking precisely the same route. This traffic is directed by Glass's galvanizing *Rubric:* loud, brash music, pulsing like a motor. One could never join this crowd of pedestrians; anyone who has ever tried to move across a major artery, or even a busy sidewalk, in an alien capital knows how hard it is to catch the rhythm. Yet a series of three couples in pale unitards does invade the mob, finally clearing a space for their own brief dance and slightly skewing the renewed movement of the throng. Clearly this urban ritual could go on forever, but abruptly the bright lights are quenched.

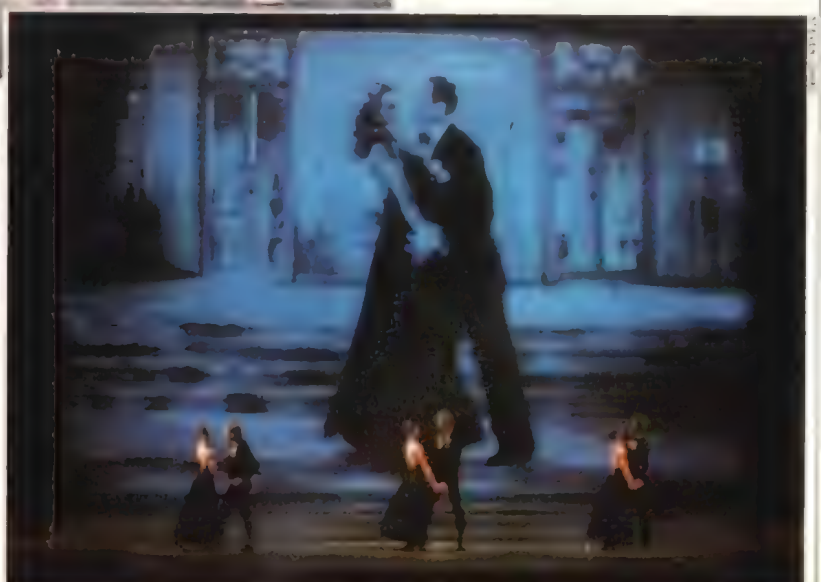
The middle movement, to *Façades*, is as serene as its predecessor is clamorous. A lyrical melody floats above a simple, slightly shifting rhythmic pattern. A shadowy frieze of girls, tracing small, varied steps, embodies the pattern; two dancers (Maria Caligari, Bart Cook) perform a sinuous *pas de deux* to the melody. This is a mesmerizing piece. The last segment, to a boisterous excerpt from Glass's opera *Akhnaten*, is what his fans call "very Jerry": arms up, fingers splayed, keep it moving, get it right the first time. Across, around, up and down the stage sweep cadres of long leapers. Despite its energy, this choreography does not have quite the impact of the first two sequences

Audiences love *Glass Pieces*, and they are right. Despite all the talk about exotic influences, Glass writes likable music that is instinctively theatrical. His avant-garde operas (*Einstein on the Beach*) have a strong dramatic surge. Take material like that and entrust it to a magic man like Robbins, and you will get something better than Broadway, fresh as tomorrow.

—By Martha Duffy



Opening of *Glass Pieces*; Robbins



Romance in the air at New York City Ballet: dancing onstage, Astaire and Hayworth on-screen

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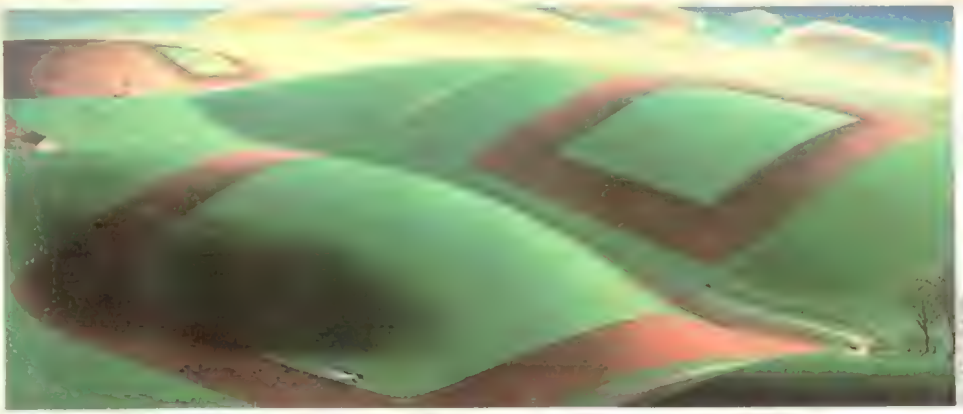


Spring Turning, 1936, a formalized vision of Midwestern fecundity as a pre-industrial Eden

The fateful *American Gothic*, 1930

Art

Scooting Back to Anamosa

Grant Wood at the Whitney: a fresh look at an American icon

The worst fate an artist can suffer, late in life, is being famous for a single work. The worst after death is oblivion. Grant Wood (1881-1942), the American regionalist painter whose retrospective of 84 drawings, prints and paintings opened last week at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City, suffered both. There was a time when millions of Americans who would never have looked inside a museum knew, from reproduction, one painting of Wood's, *American Gothic*: he with the pitchfork and faded bibbed overalls, she of the dowdy mien and disapproving eye, in front of that white frame house. For the mass audience it was the most famous painting in the world. The runner-up was Leonardo's *Last Supper*; and after that, what? The *Mona Lisa*? The Washington portrait by Peale? It hardly matters; the pre-eminence of *American Gothic* as a popular icon has not been challenged in several generations, since Wood painted it in 1930. Its fame sank Wood's reputation and took the rest of his work with it.

His national popularity ended some years after the Great Depression, which had fostered it. Americans were no longer so eager to embrace those formalized visions of Midwestern fecundity, the pre-industrial Eden. They were less threatened and so needed less solace. By 1950, the remaining audience for Wood had split into two groups: a small band of loyalists in the American heartland, who continued to venerate his work as distilled American truth, and everyone else, who considered him to be less than a footnote in the history of modern art, a provincial cornball.

Yet the tribal law of the art world is that nothing is immune to revival. In March, a drawing by Wood flabbergasted everyone by selling for $143,000, and now the Whitney show (which travels over the next year to museums in Minneapolis, Chicago and San Francisco) will undoubtedly create even loopier bids for the few works in Wood's small mature *oeuvre* that are not already in museums. It seems felicitous that Grant Wood's reviving angel, the art historian who has worked on him for a decade and who curated this fascinating show, should bear the name Wanda Corn. Moreover, the time is ripe. Once again, Americans are bemused by the deflation of their dreams. As it was in the '30s, the ethos that linked virtue to reward through honest toil is in deep trouble. Granted, the nostalgia for Wood's Midwest is now laced with self-evident ironies; one might say that it is a nostalgia not so much for a rural way of life as for a means of seeing a rural ethos without irony. The revival of Grant Wood is as good a cultural index of Reagan's America as the launching of Robert Rauschenberg was of Kennedy's.

A country boy who lived mostly in small cities, Wood drew nearly all the fundamental images of his work from the first ten years of his life on a farm near Anamosa, Iowa. No artist was more accommodating to his clients; his first mural commission, *The Adoration of the Home*, 1921-22, showing a group of allegorical figures around a cornfed goddess of the hearth who holds up a model house built by the Cedar Rapids developer Henry Ely, is a masterpiece of kitsch. But when unleashed, his imagination would scoot back to Anamosa every time.

He went to Europe in 1928 to study the Northern Renaissance portraits on which *American Gothic* is based, and to examine the work of Patinir and Bruegel, from which his aerial views of landscape were partly derived. He did not look at modern art when he was there, although there are some mild homages to it in his later work: the purposeful, bland, geometric rotundity of skirts and cows' backsides bears some likeness to the derivations from Léger one sees in the English vorticist William Roberts. His addiction was to the consoling udder, not the maddening *verre d'absinthe*.

As Corn points out, the eroticism that might have been an attribute of his figures is transferred entirely to the landscape they inhabit. Wood's people are nearly always emblems of either innocence or rectitude: pink and doll-like when they are not harsh

Arbor Day, 1932, characteristically painted from a Bruegelian God's-eye view

and sanctimonious. But the hills are like green breasts and buttocks, heaving perceptibly in his preferred light, that of a young spring morning. The plowshare slices into them suggestively. His best landscapes from the '30s, like *Spring Turning*, 1936, are votives to the original *dea mater:* man makes his brown tattoos on that vast pelt, but they will pass, and he and his horses are no more than fleas.

Wood's eyeline for many of these landscapes floats oneirically up in the air; he was fond of aerial perspective, the Bruegelian God's-eye view, as in his hovering vision of *Arbor Day*, 1932. Sometimes, with less happy results, he conflated it with Hollywood. The night view of *Midnight Ride of Paul Revere*, 1931, is straight out of a Disney animation, and indeed the influence of Walt on Wood looks stronger than is usually acknowledged. In his curious *Death on the Ridge Road*, 1935, a painting of an impending car crash, the fatal truck coming over the brow of the hill has its wheels off the ground and skewed in the exact convention of cartoons.

At worst, Wood was almost everything his critics said: vulgar, provincial, cute, mannered, and untruthful about the realities of country life. His paintings have much less documentary truth to offer about the Midwest in the '30s than Margaret Bourke-White's camera, but there are no photographs of Eden. This show allows us to see what Wood's assets were: mainly, the deep lyricism rising from his certainty that he had discovered a vein of imagery no other painter had mined

We also see, as an unexpected bonus, what a good painting *American Gothic* was. Major clichés become invisible after a while, and Curator Corn has made a valiant effort to strip the accretions from this one. She has included a hilarious collection of cartoons and ads based on *American Gothic*—an inspired piece of contextual criticism. Far from being a lampoon of conservative Midwestern farmers and their wives, *American Gothic* is, as she points out, "*not* about farmers, *not* about a married couple, and *not* a satire." Thirty-two years' difference in age lay between its models, Wood's sister Nan and a Cedar Rapids dentist named McKeeby. The subject of *American Gothic* is in fact a small-town Midwesterner and his unmarried daughter, and once this is seen, the details of the painting fall into shape, as Wood meant them: the pitchfork becomes a scepter of paternal authority, a weapon for fending off suitors and perpetuating spinsterhood; its shape is echoed in the limp seams of the man's overalls, foreshadowing his own masculine debility; and so forth

Without making exaggerated claims for her subject, Corn has restored a missing fragment of the American imagination. Wood was not a great painter, but he epitomized some deep-struck hopes and illusions, and he deserves understanding. This will be a popular show, and it should be

By Robert Hughes

Music

Trouble in Houston for Lenny

Bernstein's opera, A Quiet Place, *is a disappointment*

Sometimes it is possible to be too talented. Take the case of Leonard Bernstein, for example. The protean golden boy of American music, who will turn 65 in August, has justly won renown as a flamboyant conductor, an engaging proselytizer and an omnidirectional composer. Bernstein has conquered in ballet (*Fancy Free*), the Broadway musical (*West Side Story*) and the symphony (*The Age of Anxiety*). But in the past 20 years, it seems, the vast range of his talent has hindered rather than helped him, especially as a writer of serious music. In 1963 there was the embarrassment of the *"Kaddish" Symphony*, with its outburst of adolescent admonishment of God; 1971 saw a Christianized version of the same material in *Mass*. The premiere last week of his new opera, *A Quiet Place*, while an improvement, did little to stem his creative decline

Part of a crowded cast: Nolen and Greenawald in *A Quiet Place*

Is there a real voice struggling to be heard amid the clamor?

The work, staged by the Houston Grand Opera as part of a triple commission by the Kennedy Center and La Scala, is a two-hour sequel to Bernstein's 1952 *Trouble in Tahiti*, a one-act gem stone that gently chided the false contentment of the burgeoning new American suburbs, while poignantly focusing on the failing marriage of an archetypal couple, Sam and Dinah. In its fluid, assured handling of styles, its economy of means and its genuine melodic inspiration, *Trouble in Tahiti* is a small masterpiece.

Why Bernstein felt the need to add a cumbersome sequel is a mystery. Does anyone care what happens to Mr. and Mrs. Calaf after the curtain goes down on *Turandot*? But Bernstein and Librettist Stephen Wadsworth, 30, a former editor of *Opera News*, have gone ahead to construct a convoluted second chapter that picks up 30 years later, just after Dinah's death in a suicidal, drunken car crash. There are now ten characters instead of two: the couple's son Junior (Baritone Timothy Nolen) and daughter Dede (Soprano Sheri Greenawald, in an outstanding performance); Dede's bisexual husband François (Tenor Peter Kazaras), who was formerly Junior's lover; Dinah's brother; her best friend Susie; an analyst; the family doctor and his wife; a funeral director; and, of course, Sam (Baritone Chester Ludgin). Balanchine's famous dictum that there are no mothers-in-law in ballet may not quite apply to opera, which is not mute, but the common sense behind it ought to be respected. *A Quiet Place* is too heavily populated, its relationships obscured by a wordy, awkward book that sinks whatever chance the opera had of being truly satisfying.

Still, there is a problem with the music itself. Like some other composers of his generation, Bernstein no longer fully trusts his basically conservative musical convictions. The eclectic *A Quiet Place* is fundamentally tonal, but its melodies only infrequently blossom, as if Bernstein were inhibited by 30 years of modernism from writing the kind of straightforward, expressive music that obviously agrees with him. Instead, he has compromised with a bloated, percussive score that, stripped of its bluster and its "commitment," is too often little more than a plaintive bleat. Only in the orchestral interludes, affecting, purely musical ruminations that speak louder and far more honestly than the clamor onstage, do we hear the real voice of Leonard Bernstein, struggling to be heard amid all the earnest chatter. Perhaps it is time for Bernstein to forgo the crutch of a text, which has served him so poorly of late, and listen to what his own voice is telling him

By Michael Walsh

Washington's Bright New Wine

From the Pacific Northwest, a challenge to California

Until about 15 years ago, Washington State vintners, if they could be called that, were known chiefly for syrupy wines made from fruit and berries. Thus corks popped across the state in October 1974 when a '72 Chateau Ste. Michelle Johannisberg Riesling from Federal Way, Wash., won first place in a blind tasting organized by the Los Angeles *Times;* it beat out 14 California Johannisberg Rieslings, three German wines and an Australian entry.

Scores of awards later, the bright newcomers from Washington are just beginning to attract a national following. The state is the second biggest U.S. producer (after California) of *Vitis vinifera* grapes, the classic European wine varieties. It has the climate, soil and available land to become a wine region of world repute. Says Robert Finigan, editor-publisher of the newsletter *Private Guide to Wines:* "Washington is now where California was ten years ago."

The wine-growing areas are mostly in the arid south-central part of the state, in the Yakima and Columbia valleys, just north of the 46th parallel (about the same latitude as Bordeaux and Burgundy). The vineyards are sheltered from the heavy rainfall in the western part of the state by the Cascade Mountains, much as Alsace is protected by the Vosges. During the growing season, the Washington vineyards enjoy cool nights and in June, 17 hours or more of not-too-intense sunlight daily, allowing the grapes to ripen with good sugar-acid balance. The fruit tends to be tarter and crisper than California's, with a more intense flavor and aroma and a more pronounced varietal character.

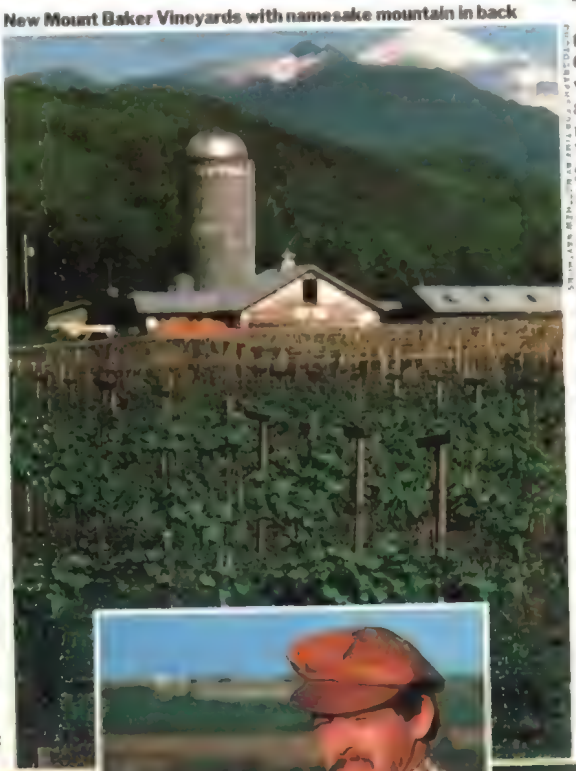
There are now 31 wineries in Washington, twice as many as in 1980, and their numbers are growing fast. Most are small family operations such as Yakima River Winery, Neuharth Winery and Leonetti Cellars, all of which have won awards in the past two years. The biggest by far is Chateau Ste. Michelle, owned by U.S. Tobacco Co., whose three wineries produced 1.25 million gal. last year; it plans to expand to 2.5 million gal. by 1987. By comparison, the Napa Valley's long-established Beaulieu Vineyards makes less than 1 million gal. a year.

It was Beaulieu's venerable André Tchelistcheff, at 81 the dean of American wine makers, who helped stir the ferment in Washington wines. In 1967, he chanced across some Gewürztraminer, the spicy wine of Alsace, that had been made in a basement by the late Phil Church, a University of Washington professor. The sage of Beaulieu was astonished. "It was the best Gewürztraminer produced in the U.S.," he recalls. Tchelistcheff then turned his attention to a fledgling winery that became Chateau Ste. Michelle. The race was on. Church and colleagues began marketing wines in 1969 as Associated Vintners, now the state's fourth biggest winery. Associated is noted for its bone dry '80 Gewürztraminer and, in an area best suited to cool-climate white varietals, a robust '78 Pinot Noir. Hinzerling Vineyards, owned by Mike and Jerry Wallace, won a silver medal last year with its '78 Cabernet Sauvignon.

Preston Wine Cellars, east of the Columbia River, makes a fine Chardonnay, rich, buttery and well balanced. Flowery Traminers and Johannisberg Rieslings are made by Worden's Washington Winery, outside Spokane. Chateau Ste. Michelle's fresh, fruity, late-harvest Riesling, a subtle Sauvignon, and a spicy Fumé Blanc are delightful by any standard; its reds include a consistently good Merlot. Last year the winery won five gold medals in an international competition in Milan.

The state's wine makers still have much to learn about the economies of expansion and the development of a distinctive style. "They just make what the grapes give them," says one critic. Joel Klein, a former wine maker for Chateau Ste. Michelle who is now organizing his own company, explains: "In California and Europe there are some fairly well-recognized guidelines for wine making. Up here we don't really know yet how best to make these wines." Comments Peter Bachman, Chateau Ste. Michelle's head wine

New Mount Baker Vineyards with namesake mountain in back



Wine Maker Peter Bachman in his lab at Chateau Ste. Michelle, Woodinville

Neuharth Winery's Eugene Neuharth; center, Hinzerling's Mike Wallace

maker: "You have to juggle with what nature gives you." Most experts admit they still do not know which vines will grow best in which areas. Says David Lake, 40, wine maker for Associated Vintners and holder of the prestigious European accreditation Master of Wine: "All of us are involved in experimentation. We are totally dependent on the wines to do what they will. The vineyards here are so young and inconsistent."

The climate and topography of Cold Creek, in south-central Washington, seem suitable for red wines, though the state's reds have yet to receive the acclaim earned by its whites. Wade Wolfe, 34, Chateau Ste. Michelle's overseer for vineyard operations, who has a Ph.D. in grape genetics from the University of California at Davis, thinks that this district may be good for Cabernets and Merlots. Says Tchelistcheff: "The reds are just starting to come up. They need more aging, more know-how, more sculpting by the wine maker." Washington needs to attract more such experts, as California has done so successfully; the state has no breeding ground of oenologists comparable to the U.C. Davis campus.

The young industry also requires greater capitalization, for both expanded production and more effective marketing; even in big cities, the wines are still hard to find. The land, the climate and the demand for good wine, however, are there. Within ten years, they vow in the valleys, Yakima and Columbia will be wine-cellar words —*By Michael Demarest. Reported by Deborah Peterson/Seattle*

Futuremarket

Cartless, waitless shopping

In what could prove to be the greatest advance in grocery merchandising since the supermarket, the Phone In–Drive Thru market has opened in (where else?) Los Angeles. With the aim of eliminating the cart-pushing, checkout-waiting drudgery of conventional stores, Entrepreneur Ron Cameron, 41, has devised a system by which the shopper does not have to set foot in the store. In return for a $20 one-time membership fee, the householder gets a 33-page monthly catalogue listing nearly 4,000 products from which he or she can order. The customer then phones it in to a computer operator, who checks the availability and current price of the products, gives the price of the order and assigns a color-coded pickup zone where the bags will be waiting.

Three hours later, the customer drives through, has the sacks loaded into his car and gives his check (which includes a $1.50 service charge) to an attendant. The store, a 37,000-sq.-ft. former manufacturing plant located near two of Los Angeles' busiest freeways, can handle 300 cars an hour. Doubtless there will still be shoppers who want to sniff a fish or squeeze an avocado, so the old-fashioned neighborhood grocery will be around a while. ■

Cinema

The Bond Wagon Crawls Along

OCTOPUSSY *Directed by John Glen; Screenplay by George MacDonald Fraser, Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson*

"You have a nasty habit of . . . surviving," sneered Kamal Khan as perplexity twitched in his left cheek.

James Bond allowed himself to smile. Though he had only recently met this exiled Afghan prince, Bond knew the type all too well. On twelve, no, 13 previous assignments for Her Majesty's Cinema Service, he had clenched his wits against some of the modern world's most notorious dastards. Imposing men they were—Drax, Blofeld, mad and wily Auric Goldfinger. Somehow this Kamal, this jet-set smuggler, seemed less than they, less than a man, shrunken into his dreary sins, human villainy reduced to venality. He looked wary and frail, like an extinct bird on a porcelain vase. He would hardly be worth killing horribly.

Bond glanced up across the baccarat board and allowed his smile to widen into a yawn. "I'll cover the bet with this Fabergé egg if you don't very much mind."

Kamal's eyes acknowledged a slight pain. Perhaps he was anticipating the familiar adventures in store for them both—the dinner of stuffed sheep's head, the full-dress safari with Bond as the prey, the chase through the bazaar, the fight with the portable buzz saw, the wing-walker aerobatics that would surely end in the Afghan's death. Or was it just a reflex of exquisite boredom on the face of a polo player named Louis Jourdan? . . .

"You can call me Octopussy," the woman murmured. She was, of course, gorgeous, her thin yet voluptuous body sheathed in a simple, expensive dress. Bond could sniff the perfume of her danger the moment they met. From there to bed had been the matter of a few glances between professionals, and the act itself had been high sport, the Wimbledon finals of sex. Now the match was over, and Bond, instead of steeling himself for a stray tarantula under the sheets, found himself ruminating. Was she the good woman or the bad one? In each of his assignments, it seemed, there was always one of each. That makes 24, no, 26 of them, each one flawless and passionate, each succeeding pair more considerate of his advancing age. Did spies get performance anxiety, or herpes? Or just bored with the reproduction of perfection? . . .

"Grunt! Pow! Gnar! *Ouch!!!*"

As he applied the precise level of thumb pressure to the temple of one of Kamal's 7-ft. thugs, Bond turned meditative. When he had started playing this game of Save the Planet—when he was roguish Sean Connery and the world was so much younger—Bond had been a kind of role model for people of a certain class and ambition. *Savoir-faire* meant the aristocracy of style: which wine to decant, which brand of cigarette to smoke, which automatic weapon to carry under the armpit. Now that he was Roger Moore, 20 years later, Bond had degenerated into a male model, and something of a genial anachronism.

Oh, he still knew how to entertain, if not give pleasure. The old double-entendres could still raise a grimace, and with the help of his blessed stunt team,

Roger Moore as the master spy; Maud Adams as What's-Her-Name

Bond would doubtless eel his way through tight spots until he was older than yesterday. By then he would be played by Anthony Andrews or Michael Jackson, and his adversary would be an octogenarian Norman Bates or Rocky Balboa. And the women would still be young and beautiful . . .

Another scrape, and no scratches. Another nuclear holocaust averted, and now another woman—the good one, he guessed. All's right with NATO and so to bed, with two martinis, shaken but not stirred, like 007 himself. Bond raised his glass and looked meaningfully into What's-Her-Name's green eyes. "Here's to survival, darling," he said just before he fell asleep. —*By Richard Corliss*

Iris Murdoch: throwing an imaginary village and its inhabitants turbulently up for grabs

Figures in a Moral Pattern

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PUPIL *by Iris Murdoch; Viking; 576 pages; $17.75*

This is Iris Murdoch's 21st novel. Her fecundity is remarkable, but even more so is the manner in which she has written her books. Allegory, that stately, illustrated progress toward foregone conclusions, worked best in ages of faith, when author and readers agreed on the subjects of good and evil. Such has not been the case since roughly the time of Edmund Spenser and his *Faerie Queene*, yet Murdoch, a philosophy don at Oxford, has successfully built a career on this outdated literary genre. Her characters manifestly stand for abstract values; they are figures in a pattern of moral design and significance. The question in her fiction is not what happens but why. And allegory, in her hands, becomes a tool for testing, rather than affirming, beliefs.

The Philosopher's Pupil shows Murdoch at the top of her form. At issue is the salvation of George McCaffrey, an apparently deranged man in his middle 40s who is first seen trying to push a car containing his wife into a canal. What, or who, could have got into George? In addition, how does the reappearance of George's old philosophy teacher, John Robert Rozanov, figure in what appears to be an attempted murder?

Murdoch surrounds these stark questions with an abundance of local color. She provides a narrator (called N) and the English village of Ennistone (N's town), the site of an ancient hot spring where residents and tourists gather daily to bathe and socialize. Legend maintains that this spa has aphrodisiacal powers and was once associated with pagan rites of Venus. Vigilant congregations of Anglicans, Methodists, Catholics and Quakers keep watch on the "unholy restlessness" that periodically seizes Ennistone, a madness lately exemplified by reported sightings of flying saucers and the peculiar behavior of George McCaffrey. The town does not take all the speculation about the automobile incident lightly but rather as "an example of how pure disorder at one level can cause a fall of moral barriers at another."

The arrival of Rozanov, a native Ennistonian of Russian ancestry who is also a philosopher of worldwide renown, does nothing to calm these waters. Rozanov, who is supposed to have all the answers, is rumored to be writing the book that will cap his brilliant career. Privately, he is in despair. His lifelong search for truth, for a logical edifice that will support the notion of morality, has arrived at a cul-de-sac. He now admits that "at the bottom, which isn't very far down, it's all rubble, jumble. Not even muck but jumble."

This is the figure to whom George McCaffrey appeals for help. Rozanov had been his professor, the one who told him upon leaving the university to give up philosophy because he was insufficiently intelligent. "You ruined my life, you know," George tells his old tutor, during the first of several unpleasant meetings. "You were Mephistopheles to my Faust." Met with indifference, George tries again: "I want to be justified, you can justify me, I want to be saved, you can save me."

Rozanov lacks both this will and power. Nor does any human agent seem capable of ministering to George: not his wealthy mother or his brothers, not his obdurately surviving wife, not the prostitute with whom he spends his evenings. The Anglican priest sizes George up as a bad risk and avoids him. Says one intimate: "You can't explain George by the old theories. You might just as well say he's possessed by a devil."

The demon is ultimately exorcised, but not before Murdoch throws her village and all its inhabitants turbulently up for grabs. The metaphysical design of her book is regularly submerged in a profusion of details. There is, for instance, the meeting of a tiny dog (a *papillon*) and a fox, told rather charmingly from the dog's point of view. Ennistone, an imaginary place, is given a vivid history and an eerily animistic present. An old industrial waterway thwarts its own modernization: "The canal remained in mourning for its useful past, expressing the grim puritanical character of local history rather than any desire to be reborn as charming." The steam from the Ennistone spa rises from the pools and clouds the chilly English air, a recurrent scene emblematic of both hedonism and rigor. Citizens dunk themselves in sulfuric baths, attempting to drown sorrows that hover in the air waiting for their owners to emerge and reclaim them.

All of this is told in a narrative voice garrulous enough to make Thackeray blush. "I am an observer," says Murdoch's mouthpiece, "a student of human nature, a moralist, a man; and will allow myself here and there the discreet luxury of moralizing." That he does, chatting, passing judgments, characterizing events, keeping track of an abundant cast of players, nattering away as if the 19th century novel were alive and well. In his last sentence N acknowledges "the assistance of a certain lady." The end product of this collaboration between Murdoch and her imagination is both challenging and irresistible: a combination of gossip and profundity, modern times and ancient edicts. —*By Paul Gray*

Excerpt

"George, more than most people, lived by an idea of himself which was in some ways significantly at odds with reality. To say he was a narcissist was to say little. We are mostly narcissists, and only in a few, not always with felicitous results, is narcissism overcome (broken, crushed, annihilated, nothing less will serve) by religious discipline or psychoanalysis. George was an accomplished narcissist, an expert and dedicated liver of the double life, and this in a way which was not always to his discredit. That is, he was in some respects . . . not as bad as he pretended to be, or as he really believed himself to be."

Midterm Exam

GAMBLING WITH HISTORY
by Laurence I. Barrett
Doubleday; 511 pages; $19.95

For all the affability of Ronald Reagan as a man, Washington journalists consider his a closed presidency. Aides have repeatedly tightened opportunities for reporters to ask Reagan impromptu questions. Ranking officials sometimes pride themselves on being unhelpful, and—in a futile White House attempt to stem unwanted leaks—for a time all but half a dozen of them were to be barred from talking off the record. Nonetheless, Laurence I. Barrett seems to have established access to the President and his men and to have got them to open up.

Barrett's midterm report on the Reagan Administration has already prompted news coverage of unknown or underreported events. A Reagan "mole" obtained President Carter's point-by-point strategy for the candidates' televised debate. Aide Richard Darman spirited away copies of constitutional documents to keep the Cabinet from weighing Reagan's fitness to hold office after he was shot. White House Chief of Staff James Baker, then manager of George Bush's presidential campaign, announced Bush's withdrawal from the California primary without consulting the candidate. But the book offers more than nuggets of scandal.

After covering the Republican campaign, Barrett was named TIME's White House correspondent in 1981. Familiarity with the Reagan team certainly did not breed contempt in him; neither did it render him unwilling to make tough judgments. He depicts Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese as deceitful and ineffectual, Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver as a plodding loyalist, National Security Adviser William Clark as a tough conniver, and Chief of Staff Baker as a game player with few deeply held beliefs.

Unusual access: Reagan and Author Barrett
Finding flaws intertwined with virtues

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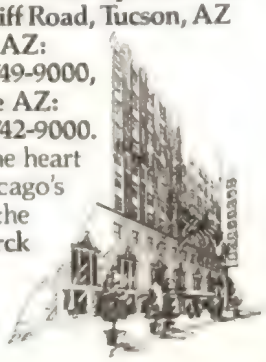

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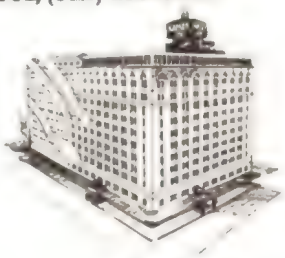

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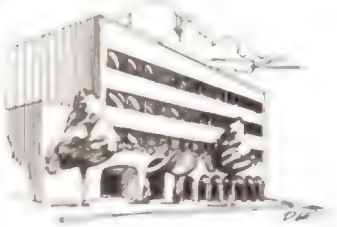

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Barrett is equally candid about Reagan, whom he admires and expects to run again. As the book's title implies, Barrett sees Reagan as intuitive, at times impulsive. He discerns shortcomings even in the man's virtues: the President's belief in personal charity obstructs his understanding of the need for Government-run social justice programs; his boundless optimism can make him unable to hear, let alone accept, bad news on budget deficits. Though Barrett insists that Reagan is complex, the book portrays a man whose views are based largely on personal experience and whose approach to issues can be disarmingly simple: in dealing with the Soviets, for example, Reagan tends to equate diplomacy with weakness.

The book is not a string of pronouncements: Barrett has a gift for getting people to talk. Even the President's taciturn brother Neil confessed to their lifelong competition in macho stoicism: "I don't give him credit for taking a deep breath, and he won't give me credit for taking a deep breath."

As a chronology of Reagan's first two years, *Gambling with History* is best on the budget, tax legislation, the Middle East, the Administration's relations with minorities, and the tempestuous personal and policy struggles of former Secretary of State Alexander Haig. Some matters are given only glancing treatment: the firestorm over Reagan's attempt to appoint Foundation Executive Ernest Lefever as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights rates but a couple of sentences, even though Barrett says the nomination was evidence that the Reagan team did not care about humanitarian concerns. Barrett notes that after former Aide Lyn Nofziger criticized a Reagan bill, he was brought back to the White House to manage publicity on the measure; the book leaves the reader to guess whether Nofziger was needed or whether the Reaganauts just wanted to get him off the case. These flaws are minor: Barrett is detailed, comprehensive and seemingly unawed by his sources. He has managed to make yesterday's headlines coherent and compelling. —*By William A. Henry III*

Obeying Pain

MARCEL PROUST: SELECTED LETTERS, 1880-1903
Edited by Philip Kolb
Translated by Ralph Manheim
Doubleday; 376 pages; $19.95

Ma chère Maman,

Although we are both in Paradise, I cannot keep from writing you these incessant, voluminous, tormented letters. Forgive me, *Maman*, but you know as well as anyone that although I am now an immortal I am also still an asthmatic and get winded easily. So it is only in my writing that I can take the long breaths necessary for sustenance.

Marcel Proust

Everything great comes from neurotics.

As the proverb has it, the more things change, the more they are the same. Even up here, my health is precarious: as I used to write you in clinical detail during my years of childhood, adolescence and maturity, I suffer from hay fever, chills, diseases of the urinary tract and bowels, insomnia and aches of the joints. Perhaps disease is what guards my moral sense. As I wrote in *Remembrance of Things Past*, "Illness is the most heeded of doctors: to goodness and wisdom we only make promises; we obey pain."

I am aware that one should not bother a parent, even the wife of a doctor, with complaints of the body. But then, you are no ordinary mother. Who else would write to her 18-year-old son, "Adieu, my darling, I kiss you tenderly with a pedal point to be sustained until the next kiss"? Small wonder that I could not bear to be parted from you, and that your death drove me to withdrawal from society and into the winding passages of Time, Memory and Art.

Speaking of the past recaptured, I am delighted to report that a selection of my letters is being published, edited by Philip Kolb, an American professor, with an introduction by J.M. Cocking, a British don. He writes, "The most exciting references to Proust's developing sense of vocation come in letters later than those included here." His statement is, at the very least, open to question. On the subject of the Dreyfus case, for example, I am for the innocent captain and against the corrupt military men who accuse him of treason. These *Dreyfusard* letters foreshadow my special pleading for those whom society punishes by exclusion. And when I speak about a youthful search "for the grain of poetry indispensable to existence," I forecast the nuances of my later work, summoning up the floating vistas of Combray and the light-suffused salons of Paris.

Granted, I seem to hold opposing opinions from page to page, but this is in character with a man of mixed Roman Catholic and Jewish heritage, and who wrote a novel about the search for a vocation only to find, at the end of seven volumes, that his intended career was as a writer in search of a vocation. The other contradictions also have a strange consistency: in September of 1899 I complain to you that "I'm so horrified at the way the money slips away that I don't dare go out any more"; yet four months later, Anatole France scolds me for my extravagance in sending him "an admirable and extremely costly Rubens drawing." I claim, legitimately, to be well read, and yet at the age of 26 have not discovered Dickens or Dostoyevsky, my favorite Russian author. My sexual inclinations are an open secret even in the early years, yet in a 1902 letter speaking of homosexuals I insist that "I'm not one."

All this might be mere persiflage, but for those who love my work, the missives should provide a revelation. For as I indicate in *Remembrance*, "Everything great in the world comes from neurotics. They have composed our masterpieces. We enjoy lovely music, beautiful paintings, a thousand delicacies, but we have no idea of their cost, to those who invented them, in sleepless nights, spasmodic laughter, rashes, asthmas, epilepsies, and the fear of death, which is worse than all the rest." Flighty and insubstantial though these letters may seem, they are, in fact, the foundation for the architecture of my fiction. After some eight decades of silence, let these once private messages speak to the world. Please give my love to Papa. As you know, I never leave my cork-lined room in the pantheon.

Until the next volume, your beloved
Marcel

—*By Stefan Kanfer*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Christine, *King (1 last week)*
2. White Gold Wielder, *Donaldson (2)*
3. Battlefield Earth, *Hubbard (8)*
4. The Little Drummer Girl, *Le Carré (3)*
5. The Lonesome Gods, *L'Amour (4)*
6. The Summer of Katya, *Trevanian (7)*
7. Ascent into Hell, *Greeley (5)*
8. Ancient Evenings, *Mailer (6)*
9. The Valley of Horses, *Auel*
10. Heartburn, *Ephron (10)*

NONFICTION

1. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman (1)*
2. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson (2)*
3. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (3)*
4. Creating Wealth, *Allen (4)*
5. The Love You Make, *Brown and Gaines (6)*
6. Jane Fonda's Workout Book, *Fonda (5)*
7. How to Live to Be 100—or More, *Burns (7)*
8. The Diet Center Program, *Ferguson (9)*
9. Working Out, *Hix (8)*
10. Blue Highways, *Least Heat Moon*

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Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. George Lucas, 39, movie mogul who is the Force behind *Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back* and the new supergrossing ($100 million in the first three weeks) *Return of the Jedi;* and **Marcia Lucas,** 38, film editor *(Taxi Driver, American Graffiti)* who won an Academy Award for her work on *Star Wars* and also cut parts of *Jedi;* after 14 years of marriage, one adopted daughter, Amanda, 2, whose custody they will share; in San Anselmo, Calif.

DIED. Françoise de Langlade de la Renta, 62, French-born editor and wife of Fashion Designer Oscar de la Renta, whose shrewdness and flair as a hostess propelled the couple to social pre-eminence among New York City's accomplished and powerful; of cancer; in New York City. Editor in chief of French *Vogue* in the 1960s, she met De la Renta in Paris and brought her elegance and experience to *Vogue* in New York, becoming an arbiter of taste and fashion among a wide circle of friends. Her lavishly decorated homes in Manhattan and Connecticut influenced interior decorating trends, and she most recently served as editor at large for the revamped *House and Garden.*

DIED. Peter Mennin, 60, American composer and educator who for the past 21 years was president of the Juilliard School in New York City, the world's only conservatory of all the performing arts; after a long illness; in New York City. By the time he was 30, Mennin had written nine symphonies, his favorite musical form, and won major prizes and commissions for his harmonically conservative, cohesive and sonorous works. Appointed to head Juilliard in 1962, he especially stressed performance training; under his aegis, Juilliard students staged nearly 400 music, dance, opera and theater events every season.

DIED. Oren Ritter Lewis, 80, outspoken, activist federal district judge whose Alexandria, Va., courtroom was always good theater and whose opinions were often controversial; of a heart attack; in Arlington, Va. Appointed to the federal bench by President Eisenhower in 1960, he regularly cut short questioning he found irrelevant, put questions himself, and pushed both sides with his familiar exhortation "Get on with it!" He rendered important school desegregation decisions; he consistently opposed 1960s peacenik protesters, saying, "I never let a deserter try the Viet Nam War"; and he ruled in 1978 that ex-CIA Agent Frank Snepp had violated a contractual pledge of secrecy by publishing a critical account of the 1975 fall of Saigon, a ruling upheld by the Supreme Court in 1980. In recent years, appellate judges had begun to overturn his rulings for "glaring errors" and "predetermining the outcome" of cases.

DIED. Norma Shearer, 80, regal Hollywood star of the 1920s and '30s whose hard work, determination and matter-of-fact charm, along with her marriage to legendary MGM Production Chief Irving Thalberg, more than compensated for possible deficiencies of beauty or talent and made her one of the glamour era's most popular and successful actresses; of bronchial pneumonia; in Woodland Hills, Calif. Born in Canada, she broke into silent films in New York City, then was noticed in a small film role by Thalberg, who began to guide every step of her career. Under his supervision (which included deft camera work to hide a cast in her eye) she portrayed a series of slightly risqué heroines in films like *The Divorcee* (1930), for which she won an Academy Award. After that came such sentimental romances and costume epics as *Smilin' Through* (1932) and *Romeo and Juliet,* which was completed just before Thalberg's death in 1936. After she turned down two roles that proved to be glittering showcases—Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind* and the title character in *Mrs. Miniver*—her career faded; in 1942 she married Ski Instructor Martin Arrouge and retired for good.

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CENTRAL

The Hazards of Homemade Vows

"Gina," the minister intoned, "do you agree to love Peter more than you love chocolate?" The bride said, "I do."

After that touch, Peter's promise fell a little flat. "Peter," the minister asked, "do you agree to love Gina more than the morning newspaper?" The bridegroom looked into his bride's eyes with a smile of insufferable whimsy: "I do."

It is high marrying season. The Gina-Peter ceremony was performed not long ago by the Rev. Bart Gould of the Second Unitarian Church of Chicago. The Rev. Mr. Gould has a taste for the fun nuptial. At the conclusion of his own marriage ceremony in 1977, he turned to his bride, before the assembled guests, and said: "Thank you for choosing an outrageous cuss like me." He was overcome. He broke down and wept. His bride burst out laughing.

Despite Gould's exertions, this June cannot compete with certain earlier hymeneal splendors. The '60s and the '70s were the great epoch of the improvisational, personalized wedding ceremony—preferably performed in a sunshot meadow, the bride barefoot and vaguely pagan, Chloë going to Daphnis.

The vows concocted for those weddings seem period pieces now. They were oppressively poetic, gushily confessional. They were sweet and intimate and profound and occasionally metaphysical, like a Hallmark card. They were illuminated by moonbeams of Kahlil Gibran ("Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone") and drenched with fragrances of Rod McKuen. At one wedding of the time, the bridegroom rhapsodized: "It is therefore our glorious and divine purpose to fly mountains, to sow petalscent . . . to glorify glory, to love with love." His bride answered: "We hereby commit ourselves to a serenity more flamboyant and more foolish than a petalfall of Magnolia." And the bridegroom came back thus: "This is the purest double helix of our us-ness."

Only occasionally do weddings in 1983 approach that standard. The stunt wedding remains common enough, of course. It is usually performed with traditional vows, however, for the same reason that a dancing dog generally does the foxtrot; the bizarre does its best work in conventional forms. There are the hobbyist enthusiasms: the nudist nuptials, for example, and the ceremonies for skindivers performed underwater. In April a couple were married while circling above California's Santa Monica mountains, scrunched down with the minister in a single-engine Beechcraft Sierra. The rest of the wedding party, including the mother of the bride and the maid of honor, flew alongside in a second Beechcraft four-seater, their faces grimacing merrily and soundlessly in the little windows.

The stunt wedding has a certain goofball exhibitionist charm. The ceremony in which the couple write their own vows is more problematic. It is probably just as well that couples have been returning to the traditional formula, wherein the dearly beloved are gathered and the old familiar take-this-man, take-this-woman deal is struck. Couples only occasionally tinker here and there. (Most brides are careful to make sure that the vows are equivalent; the word obey is vanishing.)

But some couples remain tempted today by the opportunity that a wedding offers for self-expression. It is a temptation that should be resisted. The vows that couples devise are, with some exceptions, never as moving to the guests as they are to the couple. Too often the phrases, words overblown and intimate and yearning all at once, go floating plumply around the altar, pink dreams of the ineffable. Friends and family lean forward in their pews. The clergyperson beams inscrutably, abetting the thing, but keeping counsel. The guests are both fascinated and faintly appalled to be privy to such intense and theatrical whisperings. John Lennon and Yoko Ono once held press conferences while lying in bed, and the effect of the self-made vows is sometimes obscurely the same.

When it departs from form, the wedding becomes a psychodrama and what the counterculture called a happening. Its symbolism grows promiscuous. Sometimes the emphasis is political rather than romantic. Earnest couples are known to billboard their environmental interests in the vows so that, say, vigilance against dioxin and acid rain may become part of the conjugal agenda. Such messages turn the wedding into a paid political message or else something like a professional tennis player's shirt, pasted here and there with the logos of products he is paid to advertise.

The logic behind writing one's own vows is not all bad. It is very American: the kids going into business for themselves and wanting to define precisely what the terms of the enterprise are to be. Good luck. The self-made ceremony expresses a kind of romantic individualism (not to say, sometimes, narcissism) that wants to reclaim the event from its bloodless institutional routine and make it mean something wondrous and memorable. Marriage is, one thinks at the start, a long journey. The couple want a bright send-off at the station to think about during those interminable stretches later on, when the landscape becomes as featureless and wearying as the steppe. To write one's own vows is to think about marriage, what it is, what one wants it to be. It is, at best, an act of self-awareness.

This nuptial theater is also meant as a gesture against anonymity and mass production: our love is special in the universe. Unfortunately, the event usually becomes the rhetorical equivalent of those incredible pastel, ruffled-and-piped rent-a-tux outfits that are becoming the uniform for American grooms and their groomsmen.

Beyond the aesthetics of the thing, writing one's own ceremony may reflect a basic misunderstanding about the event. If bride and groom repeat the same vows their parents repeated, the vows they may expect their children to repeat, and if the same tears are shed now that were shed five generations before at the same rite, then the ceremony has its continuity and resonances. The formality may be boring, but it is not meaningless.

If the bride and groom have intimacies to whisper, there are private places for that. A wedding is public business. That is the point of it. The couple are not merely marrying one another. They are joining the enterprise of the human race. They are, at least in part, submitting themselves to the larger logics of life, to the survival of the community, to life itself. They enter into a contract with processes deeper than they can know. At the moment of their binding, they should subsume their egos into that larger business within which their small lyricisms become tinny and exhibitionistic. The ceremony dignifies the couple precisely to the degree that they lose themselves therein. The mystery of what they do is more interesting than they can ever be.

—By Lance Morrow

Illustration for TIME by Cathy Hull

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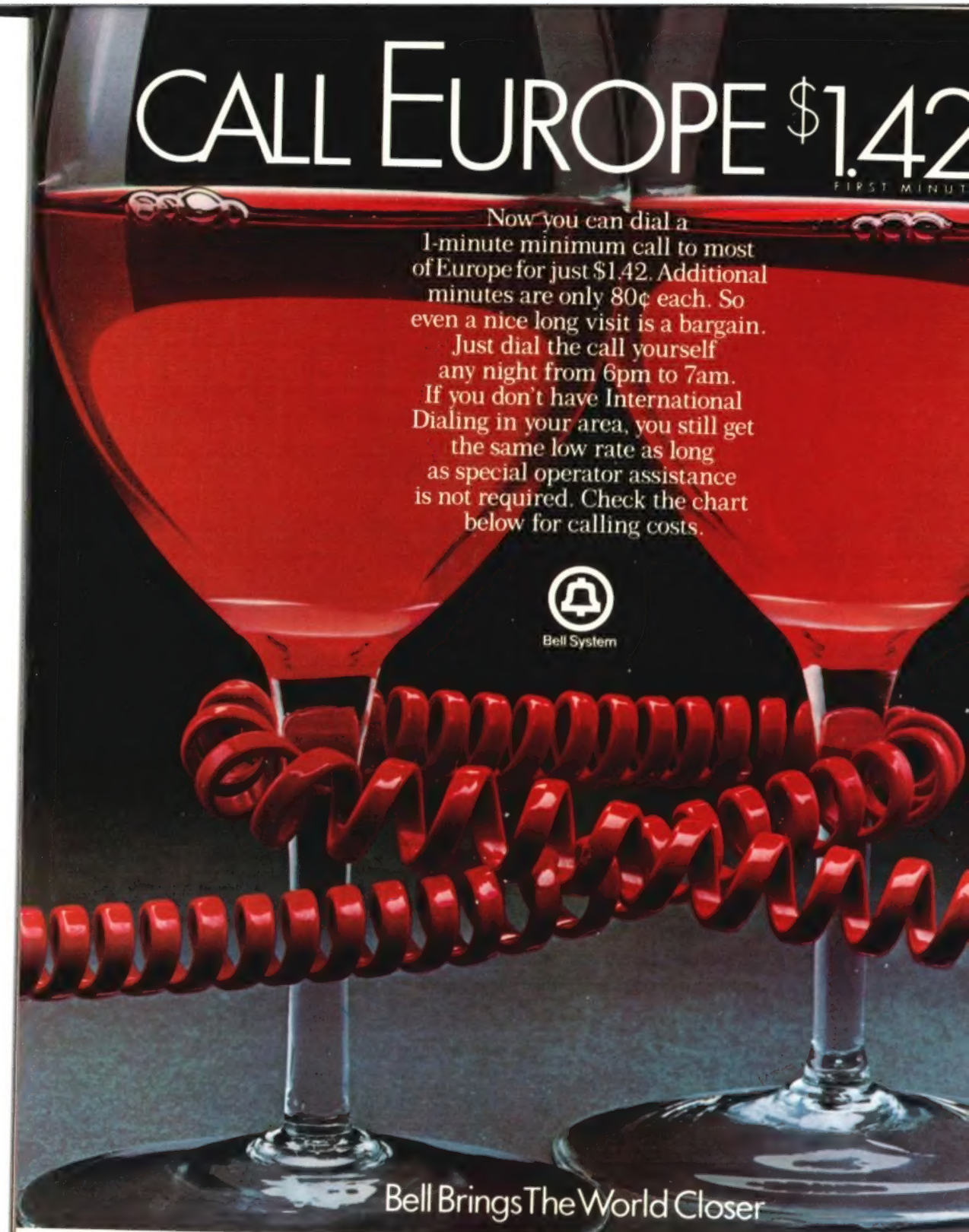

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